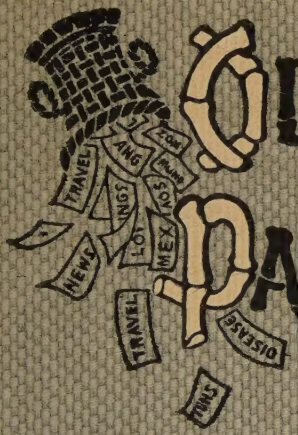

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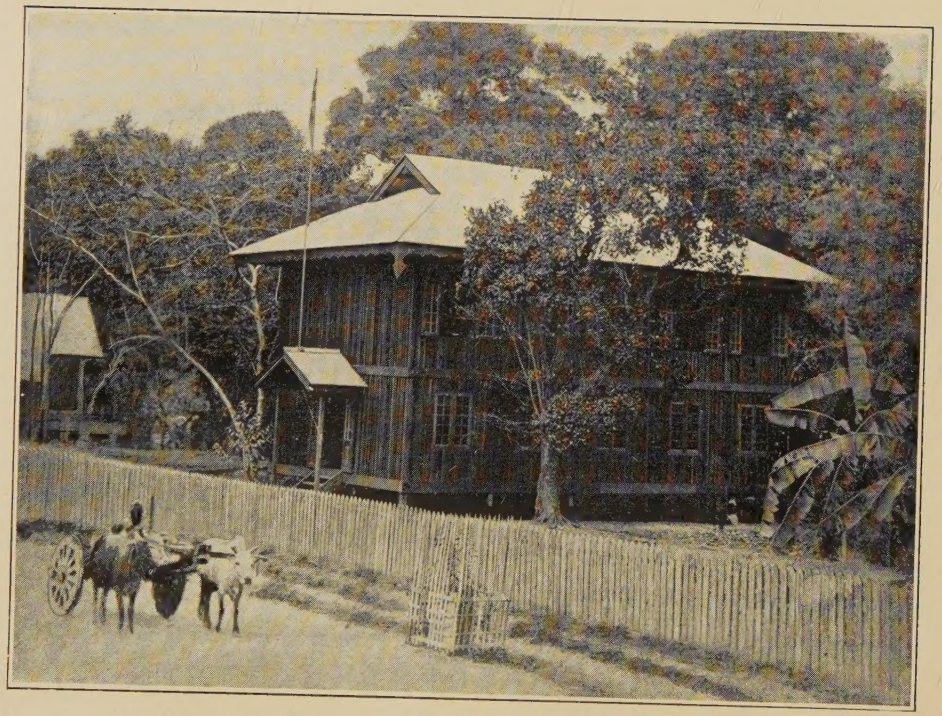

American Baptist Mission Shan and Burmese Schoolhouse, Bhamo. Page 49

Odds and Ends
from
Pagoda Land

By

William C. Griggs, M. D.

Author of

Shan Folk-Lore Stories from the Hill and Water Country

Philadelphia

American Baptist Publication Society

1906

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Introduction

THE man who attempts to study the Oriental finds himself face to face with a very difficult, albeit a very interesting problem. The Oriental's idea and ideals; his ways of looking at men and things and his valuation of them are so different from those of his Western brother, that the latter oftentimes finds it impossible to understand him. As Kipling has truly said, "For East is East and West is West, and never the twain shall meet." In fact, I have sometimes thought that the longer one lives in the East the less confidence has he that he understands his dark-skinned neighbors.

It is for this reason that I have refrained in this little volume from considering abstract questions, which I leave to the savant; besides, the busy medical missionary has little time to spend in such study. Instead I have tried to show what the common, everyday life of the native of Burma is, so far as I have been able to judge it after a twelve-year residence in his country. For

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some years I have been in the habit of jotting down any interesting or humorous incident it has been my fortune to meet, and this little book is the result. "Odds and Ends" it is true, but I hope they will prove both interesting and instructive, and give a faint idea of the Burman, the Shan, and the beautiful country they live in.

PHILADELPHIA, 1906. W. C. G.

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Characteristics of the People

I

SOMEBODY has said that if one wishes to see the city in which the greatest number of different nationalities dwell together in peace he must go to Singapore. I think, however, that he is wrong, and that there are more different kinds of people living in the large cities of Burma, especially in Upper Burma, than in Singapore.

First and foremost, of course, comes the Burman, for years the conquering race, and now, although conquered by the superiority of British arms and valor, still proud of his history. He looks upon his neighbors, the Shans, Kachins, and natives of India, as men of inferior races, and only bows before the all-conquering Anglo-Saxon because he has to.

The Burman makes his home on the rich plains, close beside the rivers, for he is a great waterman, while the Karen, the Kachin, the Chin, and other races live upon the hills, and the Shan, the tribe most nearly related to the Burman, builds his villages in

the valleys between the mountains in what he picturesquely calls the "hill and water country."

Lured by high wages and plenty of work, multitudes of natives of India have crossed the Bay of Bengal and landed in Burma, which has been overspread by them like locusts on a field. In the cities one meets with them in crowds, huddled together, usually in the poorest quarters of the town, the "ghettos" of Burma, in fact. Along the railroads, upon steamships, and at any place where coolie work is to be had, the native of India is very much in evidence. Then too, the Chinaman has poured in from the north, till the Burman, good-natured, easy-going, and improvident, runs the risk of being crushed between the upper and nether millstones. The native of India, the *kallah* as the Burman calls him, does not care anything for the country. All he wants is to make money, which he hopes to take to his home and live upon in comfort during the rest of his days. To do this he is willing to live in a shack or a hovel; eat but just enough to keep soul and body together; will beg in the most unblushing manner, and never give out a single copper piece more than he is obliged to. It is im-

possible to imagine a greater contrast than that existing between the low-caste native of India and the Burman in whose land he has made his temporary home.

The Burman is a cheerful, careless fellow, who follows at least one Christian precept, for he "takes no thought for the morrow," and is content if he has sufficient to last through the day in hand. His habit has grown to a great extent, I think, from the ease with which he can make a living. The country is so fertile that he has merely to scratch the ground to get a harvest; his wants are few, and he prefers to live from hand to mouth in an easy, slipshod way, than to heap up treasures and know not who shall enjoy them. He spends as he gets and depends upon his children to support him during his old age. "Why should I work any harder," he asks, "when I have enough to eat and to wear and a family to look after me when I am old?" Well, why should he?

He is very tolerant of others' religious beliefs and does not bother himself with what they believe in or worship. In this he again differs greatly from his neighbors across the seas, the intolerant followers of the prophet, who would to-day, if they

dared, raise the crescent flag and offer the Koran or death to their conquered enemies, and the Hindu who hates the Mohammedan as cordially as the Mohammedan hates him.

The Burman is well-made physically and, although not so tall as some of the natives of India who have emigrated into his land, is much better built and stronger. He is rather dark, with jet black, straight hair; eyes of the same color, and but very little hair upon his face. He does not shave these few hairs, but pulls them out with a pair of tweezers, and it is a common sight to see a man with his face screwed up—for it must hurt—sitting with a small mirror in his left hand and his right armed with the tweezers busily engaged in pulling out the whiskers from his chin.

The Burman is nothing if not polite and his language allows a great scope in using polite phrases. In Shan, for instance, there are half a dozen ways of saying "I," graded according to the rank of the speaker and the person spoken to, running all the way from a very arrogant "I" down to "the slave of our lord's head."

A patient coming to the dispensary always asks for "just a little" medicine. A funny thing happened awhile ago. A woman

came from a village quite a long distance up the river and she wanted enough medicine to last for several days. She wished to be polite, of course, and it would not be polite to say, "Please give me a lot of medicine, as I have come from a distant village," so she asked for "*myan myan ga le*," literally, "a great little." *Myan* means a large amount, doubling the word intensifies its meaning, and *ga le* means a little amount.

Titles are given in great profusion, and to call a man your lordship or "our lord" is the proper way to address a superior. The wife of a man living in a jungle village up the river was very sick—dying, they feared—and she assuredly would have died had I not been able to step in in time to save her life. The husband evidently wished to give me a unique title when he came later on to pay his respects and thank me for my "act of grace and compassion," as he termed it. He had called me "*payah*" (lord) before and that did not satisfy him, so now he said, "You are a Jesus Christ *payah* from heaven." This sounds blasphemous, of course, to Western ears, but it was not to him. There is a great difference between lord and Lord and be-

tween god and God. It goes without saying that I told him that I could not allow him to say such a thing as that and tried to make him understand that there is but one Lord and God and that all others are gods in name only.

In the "old Burman days," as the time before the British occupation is called, this custom of giving of titles was carried to a great excess, especially when addressing the king. I really do not know—I doubt whether anybody does—just how many titles he had, but some of them were strange, even ludicrous. The word "golden" was attached to almost everything he used. Thus, "to approach the golden foot" meant to be honored by receiving an audience by the king. In Shan the very word king means, "the lord of the golden palace."

The insignia of royalty was a white umbrella, nobody but the king and the immediate members of the royal family being allowed to carry an umbrella of that color, so one of the king's titles was "Lord of the White Umbrella." He reveled in the distinction of being "King of Kings, Lord of the Universe, Son of the Sun, Lord of the Moon and Planets, Owner of Innumerable

Herds of White Elephants, Beloved of the Nats (fairies)," and so forth.

I think, however, the strangest title was given to my pony. The wife of the man who looked after it came to me one day and told me that "his lordship" had been given so much to eat that he had kicked a hole in "his lordship's" door! Even the pony became noble by carrying a white man.

One title among the Shans always strikes a new-comer as odd. One of the most respectful terms of addressing an elderly female is "old woman," so if you were to say, "If this old woman will do so and so I shall be much obliged," you would not, as at home, have been guilty of offering an insult, but, on the contrary, would have been most polite.

Without doubt the most marked characteristic in the native of Burma, of whatever race he may be, is his love of "following custom." The "customs of the fathers" must be followed whether they are good or bad. "We have a custom" is a phrase heard upon every hand. You ask why is this or that done in this or that way, "It is custom," you are told. Everything must be done according to custom, and should a Westerner, knowing that a certain thing

could be done better or more easily in another way, try to make a native do it according to his (the Westerner's) idea, he is sure to arouse all the stubbornness which lies in an Oriental's make-up, and the grumblings would more than counterbalance the benefits.

I once had occasion, if ever man did, of finding out the truth of this. Upon starting work at Möngnai, in the Southern Shan States, in 1891, it was necessary, of course, to build a house. We lived several months in a zayat or rest-place built in a monastery compound, but this was very unpleasant, to say the least. But the building of that house! What a weary, weary work it was! A person writing home afterward said he had never seen such a house in America—I should hope not! A Western farmer would be ashamed to run up such a shack to cover his cows with, he said, and while this was quite true, if the gentleman had known the amount of brain fag, not to mention the strain upon a Christian temper, that ramshackle house had cost, he would have modified his statements somewhat.

I found it was customary to plant a post in the ground and measure it afterward and, if it proved too long, to cut off a part

of it with a mallet and chisel instead of sawing it with a saw. I discovered also that it was custom to build the roof with eaves that would come within a few feet of the ground, and when I objected to this the head carpenter gravely informed me that a house could not be built in any other way—the eaves *must* come down to within the proper length. It was custom—that settled it—and, besides, whoever heard of building a house, except the *saubwa's*, in any other way? So, while I was away in the jungle the large beams which support the eaves—I do not know what the technical name for them is—were actually cut "according to custom" and nailed in place.

I was quite nettled when I saw what the carpenters had done during my absence, but I told them that it simply meant more work for them because I had made up my mind to have the house built as I wanted it, Shan custom or no Shan custom. So early next morning I stood by till the head carpenter had cut off the end of one of the beams to the length I desired; then, congratulating myself upon my success, I went home to breakfast. But I had not gauged the resources of that head carpenter correctly, for while I was eating my breakfast

he took the piece of wood I had seen cut off and nailed it into place again, so that when I returned I found the eaves were once more "according to custom."

The head carpenter saw that I had lost all patience and was as mad as the traditional wet hen, and so he asked me what difference it made how the eaves were built. Why did I wish to have them short? I told him that one reason was the low eaves would shut out the view of the beautiful mountains around us. The man had been sitting upon the ground chewing betel-nut, evidently congratulating himself upon the fact that he had circumvented the new teacher, but he was so surprised at my reply that he rose to his feet and looked at the mountains as earnestly as though he had never seen them before in all his life. "Beautiful mountains!" he said. "Beautiful mountains! Wants his house built in such a strange manner because he wants to see the beautiful mountains!" It was so funny he laughed and even called his fellow-workmen to tell them the joke. Who ever heard of beautiful mountains, anyway? The idea was far beyond his comprehension. He could not understand why any sane person should wish to look at

common, everyday mountains. He could do nothing but laugh.

He grew grave again, however, when I ordered him to cut off that offending beam once more, and flatly refused to do so. Finally he said he would quit working rather than build a house not according to custom. He was as good as his word too, for after a little further talk he gathered up his tools. His fellow-workmen followed his example and they all left the compound for their homes.

I was now in a dilemma. If these men would rather go on strike than transgress the canons of their traditions, I knew no other carpenters in the city would take up the work. There was but one thing to do, and that was to go and see the native prince and ask him to order the men back. This he did, saying he would punish them if they gave me any more trouble.

Sometimes, however, the *sau pa*[1] himself cannot compel a person to act contrary to custom. A man in Möngnai once called me hurriedly to come and see his boy, who had wounded himself severely by falling upon the point of a knife which he carried without any sheath in his bag under his

[1] Sau pa (Shan), sau bwa (Burmese), a native prince.

arm. I then found that numbers of small boys in the city carried similar knives in their bags, so the next time I visited the "palace" I told the prince about it and said I thought it would be a good thing if he were to issue an order forbidding small boys to carry such knives, but although he acknowledged that the custom was a bad one, yet because it was custom he could not change it. "Our fathers and grandfathers carried such knives when they were children," he said, and it was therefore custom. There was no getting around that.

The Shans carry swords with handles half as long as the blade. These swords prove very useful during journeys in the jungle, one of their uses being to chop down firewood for making fires at night. The handles of these *laps*, as they are called, are usually made of bamboo wound around with plaited strands of rattan. They are very poor, however, for the blade-shank is merely stuck in and so imperfectly fastened that a good blow will often make the blade and the handle part company.

A friend of mine once asked a Shan why he did not make the handle of his sword shorter, and put a button at the end which would keep it firm and secure, but the man

shook his head and gave the usual reply that it was custom to make them thus. "What was good enough for our ancestors is good enough for us," he replied, quite satisfied that the last word possible upon the subject had been said.

The women are even greater sticklers for custom than the men; they are also harder to reach. This is true even among the "purdah" women, wives of natives of India. Although these women are kept prisoners within their homes, yet in spite even of this they cling to their old traditions more strenuously than their sons and husbands. The men go out into the world, rub shoulders with men of other faiths and customs; more important still, they meet Western civilization and its leveling influences at every turn, and are influenced, sometimes unconsciously, it is true, but influenced they are without doubt, and if it were not for the counter-influence exerted along the old lines by their women at home they would drift even farther than they do. Thus we see the strange phenomenon that the greatest supporters of caste and the old heathen customs among the natives of India are the greatest sufferers from these oppressive customs. Fortu-

nately there is no caste system among the natives of Burma ; the Burmese women are as free as the men.

Not only are the Burmese women free, but they are great traders, driving better bargains and possessing better business heads often than the men. I know many women who will go several days' journey up the river in a boat, buying all the rice that is to be had, bring it down to their homes and hold it for a rise in price, in fact, "engineer a corner," while their husbands remain at home, look after the babies, and keep the little store in the front of the house.

Burma should be, in fact, a veritable paradise for the "women's rights" woman. One can see a score of Burmese women, any day in the week or any hour of the morning pass along the road in front of the mission house, carrying a paddle upon their shoulders with a big basket of rice at either end. These women have risen long before daylight, loaded their boat with rice, paddled it down the river for miles; have carried their heavy loads over sand-banks, up the steep river-bank, into bazaar ; have bargained for the best price possible and later in the day will pole their boat, loaded

down with bazaar goods, up the river to their village in the jungle. They had already helped to plant, to transplant, to reap, husk, and sift this rice too.

Women very often act as brokers, especially in the sale of jewelry. In Burma banks, except in the great cities and among foreigners, are practically unknown. The government conducts a savings bank in connection with the post-office, but the vast majority of Burmans do not use it or even know anything about it. Instead, if a man has any large amount of money he wishes to hold, he either buries it or buys jewelry, usually bracelets, rings, or precious stones. If he wishes to use any money he sells a ring, a ruby, or a diamond, as the case may be, exactly as a business man in America draws a check upon his bank account. This way of holding his wealth not only feeds his vanity and love for display but makes it easy to hold it in comparative safety, much easier than in hard cash. There is one bad feature, however, about it, and that is in case he needs money he sometimes has to dispose of his jewelry at a loss; people, knowing his needs, take advantage of his position and refuse to buy except at a price much below the real value.

These transactions make a broker or go-between necessary, and this broker is usually a woman. I have often seen one of these women with several hundred rupees' worth of rings, gold, or rubies upon her hands and arms. They visit the homes of would-be buyers, conduct the bartering and chaffering, and sell the jewels, taking as their share of the bargain a small brokerage fee. In spite of this freedom, however, the men sometimes find it necessary to assert their authority over their wives by means of a stick or the sole of a shoe.

A very funny story was told me by one of the earlier missionaries to the Shans. During the hot season all the missionaries in a certain station went to the hills to escape the terrible heat of a summer on the plains, and upon returning to their work at the beginning of the rains it began to be whispered around that one of the chief pillars of the Shan church, a deacon and a preacher, in fact, had been guilty of beating his wife during a family quarrel.

The deacon was thereupon haled before the missionary, who labored with the man, laying stress upon the fact that his being a deacon made his misbehavior all the worse; he ought to set a good example, etc., and

wound up by saying that he would have to be disciplined by the church.

This was, of course, a terrible thing, but the case became simply alarming when the deacon asked who would try him for his offense. "Why the church, of course," he was told. "Good," he replied, "but I might as well tell you now as later that I am not the only church-member that beat his wife while you were upon the hills, in fact, every one that has a wife did it; the only ones who did not were boys who have none!"

So the case against the deacon was dropped, but not before one of the younger men came to the missionary and said, "Teacher, you tell us we must not beat our wives; now, *saya*, if I tell my wife to do a certain thing and she will not do it, if I am not allowed by the church rules to give her a whipping, will you please tell me *what I am to do?*" Query.

Doctor Henderson, of Möngnai, also tells a funny story of one of his people. This man declared the Bible said it was right and proper for a man to beat his wife, and when asked to produce chapter and verse said, "Does not the Bible say, 'A rod for a fool's back'?"

The Burman is, of course, superstitious; every ignorant person is, of whatever rank or race he may be. It is because of this that schools and Western education are such levers for uprooting superstitions, old almost as the race. Burmans, keen as they are at bargaining and trade, and in many other ways, can along certain lines be easily imposed upon. For example: A few miles above Bhamo is a large village in which is a pagoda badly in need of repairing, but the necessary money not being forthcoming, a priest suddenly discovered that a miracle had happened or rather was happening each day at a certain hour. Every idol was sweating daily! Of course the news was hastily brought to the city and forthwith hundreds went out to see the perspiring god, and to tell their friends upon their return that it was really a fact. There was no denying it. Hundreds saw the sweat run down the idols, marveled, prayed, and incidentally made offerings, which greatly aided the priests in their design in renovating the pagoda, monastery, and compound. Of course the solution of the mystery was easy. The idols were seated in niches, it was toward the close of the cold season, the nights were still very chilly and the

idols, of course, became very cold indeed. Along by eleven or twelve o'clock, however, the sun gained great power and water was condensed upon the smooth, shining faces of the idols. It was useless, however, to offer such an explanation to the great mass of people ; it was laughed to scorn and practically the whole city was thoroughly convinced that a wonderful miracle had been wrought in the village and that great merit could be gained by visiting the pagoda and praying before the idols there.

Some years ago news came from Lower Burma that an idol had spoken to a very holy priest and had prophesied that the British were about to leave the country and the king of Burma would "receive his own again." The rumor was so persistent that it was investigated by a government official and, it is needless to say, was proved false, but almost every Burman that heard it took it for truth and believed it implicitly.

The jungle people, especially the Shans upon the hills, are suspicious and not given to trust strangers. I have heard men belonging to the government public works department, engaged in building roads, say that when they first entered a district they had to pay the wages of the coolies night

by night directly the day's work was done, otherwise every coolie, thinking he would receive nothing for his work, would quit and return to his village. Poor fellows! they had for years been accustomed to be cheated by their own rulers so that it is no wonder they expected the white men to act in the same way and that at least some of the money "would stick to the palm" of the officials.

Among the jungle people especially everything out of the common or difficult to understand is looked upon as supernatural and therefore worthy of suspicion. Soon after we arrived at Möngnai in the Southern Shan States, several native chiefs came to visit us. Among the wonderful things in our house was a sewing-machine and my wife spent quite a long time in exhibiting its marvels. She commenced by simply sewing two pieces of muslin together, and loud were the praises bestowed upon the machine. It sewed so fast, and so smoothly, and so evenly! A thing good to marvel at! Wonderful, was the universal opinion, but when my wife put on the tucker, the friller, and the fandangle-maker their wonder knew no bounds. One chief especially—he was a Tounthu and not a Shan, by the way—was

so much impressed that after looking at it for a while he edged further and further away and finally jumped up and left the house.

As he did so he exclaimed, "Teacher, you must excuse my leaving in such a hurry, but this machine is such a wonderful thing, it does so many strange things, each one stranger and more wonderful than the last, that I am not sure what it cannot do; it might hurt me, and so as I have some business—I'll leave now," and he did, neither would he afterward enter our house.

Of course it must be distinctly understood that this happened upon the Shan hills, far away from the railroad, and more than a dozen years ago. The sewing-machine is a very common sight in the cities; in fact the Singer Sewing Machine Company has agencies in a number of large towns both in Upper and Lower Burma.

The Shan is a born trader. He will start from his home with several buffalo hides and carry them for several days' journey over the mountains to the city, and sell them there, netting a profit, after cost of food, etc., has been deducted, of perhaps three or four annas a day (six to eight cents) and yet the same man would not do coolie

work day after day for the customary hire of eight annas (sixteen cents) for a day's work, although the labor required would be no harder than carrying four malodorous buffalo hides over mountains and across plains for four or five days—buffalo hides are no light weight either when they are green. Every man to his taste, and that is Shan taste.

Fortunately there is a great deal of humor in the make-up of the native Burman and in this he again differs from the native of India, that is, the native as we find him in Burma. I remember once going out into the jungle several miles upon my bicycle, and as the day was very hot I rested for a while upon the side of a bank beneath the shade of a tree, and while there a number of Shans from Nam Kham came along, and seeing the machine lying at the side of the road stopped to look at it. One of their number had been to Bhamo before and was proud to show off the knowledge gained there. He told his friends that the strange-looking thing was really a carriage that, although it was composed of but two wheels, really and truly ran upright. He did not know just how the foreigners managed to do it, but they did; it was another proof of

the wisdom and skill of the wonderful *kallahs*.

He was much surprised when I joined in the conversation, and said he did not know that I spoke Shan ; his friends were from the jungle, he said, upon their first visit to the city, and he was glad they had a chance of seeing one of its wonders so soon. Then I explained to them how the bicycle stood upright and ran along and finally said :

"Now, this is the best of ponies. It can run so fast that no Shan pony could catch it ; it never shies, never gets frightened, never runs away; yet I do not have to feed it; I give it no paddy, no hay, no bran, not even water. What do you think of that for a horse?"

The old man looked at the wheel, then with a smile, he said :

"It is true as your lordship says, you never feed it, still, don't you think it looks very thin?"

There is one characteristic about every inhabitant of Burma, whether natives of Burma or India, and that is they are afraid of exceeding their orders; they will do nothing except what is expressly ordered. For example : Some years ago we were traveling from Rangoon to Toungoo by train.

We soon found that the train was running much behind time and asked the conductor, or "guard" as he is called, what the trouble was. He told us that the engine then hauling the train had been built to burn wood, but they were experimenting with Burmese coal instead, and as it did not make so much steam as the wood, they could not get as much speed out of the locomotive, and so we crept along till we got to a slight rise a few miles south of our destination when we were stalled completely. After an hour's wait the engineer was able to get up enough steam to climb the rise and we came limping into the station a couple of hours after everybody had gone to bed.

The first thing I saw when our train entered the station was another locomotive with the steam whistling out of the vent pipe, and enough in the boiler to pull a train twice as heavy as ours. I asked the station-master what that locomotive was doing there. "That is to take the train on from here to Yemathin," he said. "Did you not know that we were stalled seven miles out?" I asked. "Of course," he replied. "The train was signalled as having left the last station and I knew it was

stuck somewhere, most likely at the bridge." "You did, and here was this engine nearly blowing itself up with steam, why on earth did you not send it to us to help us out of our difficulty?"

The station-master looked at me as though he thought I was crazy. "I dared not send that engine south," he said, "it would have been as much as my place was worth. I am not ordered to send that locomotive *down* but *up*." "That's the difference between my country and yours," I said. "Why, my friend, if you allowed an engine to stand idle when you knew a train was in trouble you would have lost your position and served you right too."

It is the same thing everywhere. Almost every official is afraid to do certain things which obviously ought to be done, for fear of being "rapped over the knuckles" by his superior. Nobody ever wishes to do anything upon his own authority; nobody ever wants to shoulder a responsibility if he can push it off on somebody else.

Our school receives grants from government, and we sometimes have a lot of trouble because something is not quite in order or according to the laws sacred to red tape. Once in a while a figure is not en-

tered or a column has not been filled out or some silly little thing is the matter. Then, although the bills have been paid month after month for years, that special bill is sent back with a printed list of objections, as long as your arm, with the one objection which the bill suffers from marked with a cross. This often means a lot of official correspondence, and a great expenditure of paper, ink, and postage, not to mention the strain upon one's temper, when a little horse-sense would have settled it all. Dickens' story of the Circumlocution Office and how not to do it often comes to one's mind, and one wonders why Great Britain brought such shackles of red tape with her when she started out to conquer the Orient.

Like most Orientals the native of Burma is ashamed of any sort of menial work, or what he considers menial work. I have known a Eurasian boy ashamed to carry a bottle to the dispensary to get medicine, although he was not ashamed to take the medicine for nothing. He would be ashamed to carry a suit of clothes in a bundle from the tailor, although he had not paid for them, neither did he intend to. A person no sooner gets a little money or a good position than he suffers an acute attack of

"swelled head." Cannot do this, cannot do that, cannot do the other! He must have somobody "to follow" him when he goes out, has any number of hangers-on around his house whom he feeds and keeps in laziness; in fact becomes a patron in the old meaning of the term.

A native cannot understand a person digging in his garden, for instance, or doing any form of manual work for the pleasure there is in it. Mr. Hanson, one of our missionaries, told me a few weeks ago that his literary work kept him at his desk for so many hours a day that he felt the need of more exercise, and accordingly took a hoe and did a little gardening each evening. One night, just as he was finishing, a native officer belonging to the regiment of sepoys stationed at the fort came to him and seeing him engaged in digging his own garden asked him how it was that he, a white man, could not afford to call a gardener to keep it in order for him. The fact that a man should like to do such work was beyond his comprehension.

This idea is not confined to persons born in Burma either, for the white man catches the disease. Men who at home blacked their shoes every morning of their lives,

soon after getting to Burma cannot even put their shoes on in the morning or kick them off at night, but have to call their servant to do it for them.

A man in charge of the police in one of the Upper Burma districts once showed me a bicycle he had just brought from home. I asked him whether he had ridden much in England, but he said, no, it was too much bother cleaning the mud off the wheel when he got back to his house: "A fellow has to do that sort of thing himself at home, don't ye know," he said. Here was a man, then, who had to clean the mud off his own bike in England, but he compelled Burmans to kneel when they spoke to him, and "piled on the agony" like a duke.

After a stay in Burma one looks at many expressions found in the Bible in an entirely different manner; many things can be understood which at home appeared strange. For example. The dog of the Bible is not the faithful, brave friend that he is in America, but the snarling, cowardly, pariah dog, with all the bad traits of his cousin at home but very few of the good ones.

"Take a present in thine hand"; how often we read that expression in the Bible, and how often do we see the act here. It

is customary to take a present when visiting a superior, not necessarily as a bribe, but as "custom."

"Take thy shoes from off thy feet," commanded God, and to-day when entering Moslem mosque, Hindu temple, Buddhist monastery, or Christian church, the worshipers leave their shoes outside.

The American Baptist Publication Society publishes a Sunday-school Lesson Picture Roll illustrating the Sunday-school lessons, and we have used them for years in our school. In writing to the Society once I asked why they did not make the men in the picture take off their sandals before entering the temple. Here, for example, was the picture of a priest entering a synagogue with his sandals on! For a man to enter a Christian church with his hat on and smoking a cigar would be much less profanation than that shown in the picture. Just as we take off our hats upon entering a house, so the Burman leaves his shoes upon the front step.

The Burman dress is very picturesque. The men wear a gay-colored silk handkerchief twisted around their heads, a linen jacket, and a silk skirt, usually pink. The everyday skirt is called a *loun gyei*, but

upon high days and holidays the Burman wears a *ptsoe*, which is so long that after it has been put around his waist the end can be twisted over his neck and yet leave enough to hang over his arm.

His shoes are of two kinds; one a sort of slipper without any back, just a toe-piece and a sole, and the other a sandal, the sole of which is made either of leather or wood, with straps to hold it on. These straps pass between the great toe and the others, cross the front of the foot, and are fastened one to each side of the sole.

The women on common days wear a skirt very similar to the men except that it is draped a little differently, but upon holidays they wear a *tamain* which is nothing but a large, oblong piece of silk fastened at the waist, but opened down the front, leaving the limbs below the knee exposed. They wear a white linen jacket, and instead of twisting a silk handkerchief around their heads like their brothers, they wear it around the neck with the ends flowing. They have a very pretty custom of making wreaths of flowers and wearing them in their hair.

The Shan women who live in the Southern Shan States dress like the Burmese

women, but up North the dress is very different, being made of dark blue cloth, sometimes with broad stripes of other colors up and down the skirt. They wear a turban of blue cloth also.

The two most distinctive marks of a Shan man's dress are his hat and his trousers. The former is made of plaited straw, and is a great, flapping concern with a brim a foot wide, and is worn perched upon the very top of a tall turban. His trousers are a sight to behold too. Imagine a sack somewhat wider at the bottom than the top; cut off the two bottom corners for the wearer to put his feet through, tie the mouth of the sack around the man's waist and you know what a pair of Shan trousers look like. They are made so baggy that the part that should be the seat often touches the ground.

Men and women both wear earrings among the Shans; the men, however, sometimes having but one ear pierced. These earrings are usually round, the smaller kinds looking when in place something like a stud or shirt button, but sometimes the holes are so large that a man can thrust a lead pencil through them. I have frequently seen Shans carry the stump of an unfinished cigar in the hole in their ear.

After firing a forty-five caliber revolver, coolies have often begged for the empty shells to be used as earrings. Among the Burmese women some earrings are very valuable, as many as a score of pearls or rubies being set in one ring. The natives of India (women) wear nose-rings, but fortunately that custom is unknown among the Burmans.

Every Burman and Shan boy is tatooed from above the waist to below the knee. The color is blue, and represents dragons, griffins, and other fabulous animals, with scrolls, flowers, etc. In addition to this among the Shans it is common custom to have the back and breast tattooed. This must be a painful operation to say the least. The boy is placed upon the ground and the figure to be tattooed is drawn in pigment upon the skin; then a friend takes his seat upon the small boy to keep him down and keep him still and the tattooing commences, The instrument used is generally made out of a section of small bamboo, and inside this works a needle with a chisel-shaped point. The boy naturally howls a little during the operation, but it is custom, and each boy is proud of his tattooing and so keeps up a brave front.

Tobacco-smoking is carried to great excess in Burma. Everybody smokes—men, women, and children. The usual cheroot is a mixture of tobacco leaves and small chips of the tobacco stalk. The latter is dried separately in the sun, mixed with the shredded tobacco leaves, and the whole is rolled up in a cover of corn shucks, making a cigar eight inches long. An immense number of these cigars is smoked. Upon the hills pipes are used, and I once saw a child at its mother's breast with a pipe in its hand which it had been smoking. Children are sometimes not weaned till they are three years old, which was about the age of this child as nearly as I could guess. Of late years the American cigarette has invaded the country, and on account of its cheapness has become immensely popular.

Betel-nut chewing is another universal habit. The nut is the fruit of a beautiful palm, and is about the size and shape of a nutmeg. A small piece of the nut is cut off by an instrument something like a pair of nut-crackers, except that it has a cutting edge. The little piece of betel nut is placed in the center of a green leaf upon which a little lime has been spread; this

lime is slacked and powdered till it is about the same consistency as butter; then a piece of gum, red in color and astringent like alum, is added, the leaf is rolled up, and the whole placed in the mouth and chewed. The saliva expectorated is blood-red, and makes a very ugly stain wherever it is spit. The teeth of the chewer are also blackened, and when used to excess the lime and astringent gum act upon the gums so that they contract, the teeth often become loose, and in severe cases even drop out.

Fortunately the opium habit is not so prevalent in Burma as in China; still many Burmans are addicted to its use. This is especially true of Upper Burma, so close to China. Many men smoke a little and are not opium drunkards; still, the habit once formed is very, very hard to break. Some observers say it is never broken, and I must confess I have never personally seen a case where a man has given up the habit for good. I have seen many, many cases in which men claimed to have given it up, but they took it upon the sly, not smoking, perhaps, as that can be readily detected, but eating opium pills instead; the effect was practically the same. Opium acts upon the

moral part of a man; he will steal, lie, do anything, in fact, to get his daily smoke, and if he really cannot get it his condition is pitiable in the extreme.

Unfortunately drunkenness is increasing to an alarming extent in the towns of Burma. This is directly due to British influence. In the old days this vice was practically unknown among the Burmans, and it has been introduced by the Anglo-Saxon conquerors. The Karens, Kachins, and other hill tribes, it is true, have always been addicted to the use of alcohol, but not the Burmans, who looked down upon these hill people as being little better than savages. Now, however, there are grog shops all over Burma, and many Burmans, especially the younger ones, use it, and the habit is spreading. Several boys who used to be in my school now use alcohol constantly. This is a blot, a very great blot, upon England's fair fame.

The officials and other European residents set a very bad example. Almost every white man drinks, many to excess. I once saw at a durbar in the Southern Shan States an official high in the civil service trying to persuade native princes to drink champagne and whisky, and when

they would not, he laughed at them. Imagine the influence of that man!

There is no ceremony among the Burmans which is solemn; at least I have never seen one. Even religious rites have no solemnity as we understand the term. Men and women kneeling before idols with their hands clasped, stare around them while they mumble over their prayers; offerings of rice placed before idols are often eaten by pariah dogs and crows before the backs of the worshipers are turned; even funerals are devoid of solemnity. When a person dies it is true the women shriek, beat their breasts, and tear their hair, but only for a short time, then the whole house is turned into a show-room with the dead body in the center and friends congregate and play, feast, laugh, and joke till the funeral procession is formed. Then everything is noise and confusion. Men shout and rush hither and thither; the very bearers of the coffin joke among themselves and when at last they get to the cemetery, from the row of unfeeling Buddhist priests to the man in the ox-cart who hands out bottles of lemonade to whoever asks for it, everything is noisy, grotesque, and to Western eyes

almost indecent. So much for the Burman and his cousin the Shan.

An entirely different man is the Kachin who lives upon the hills of Upper Burma. One may see their villages perched upon the very summits of what in the distance appear to be almost inaccessible hills. For generations this tribe was a thorn in the side of the Burman government. Like the Highlanders in old Scotland, they made forays into the plains, burned villages, stole cattle, killed right and left, and then retreated to their mountain fastnesses carrying their plunder with them. The Burmans were powerless to punish the Kachins. Of course, semi-occasionally they sent troops out in pursuit of the raiders, but such expeditions amounted to practically nothing; in fact sometimes they did more harm than good. A great many gongs would be beaten, a few shots fired, perhaps, but that was all. Then the Burman soldiers would return to the city where they were safe behind their stockades, while the Kachins would descend upon some other unfortunate village in another direction. Occasionally, however, the Burmans would be able to ambush their enemies, then there

would be something more than a mere fight, there would be a massacre.

Of course, under British rule, this has all been stopped. Raids have ceased and the lawless mountaineers have been taught that they cannot now pillage a village with impunity as in the old days. Nay, worse than that, they have to pay taxes to the government, something they would have laughed at had it been demanded by the Burmans a quarter of a century ago. But, and a very large but too, "You English do not fight like the Burmans did," grumbled a Kachin chief once. "In the old days when we heard the Burmans were coming we would build a stockade across the mountain pass, then when the enemy put in an appearance we would fire a few shots and he would go back again, but even if some of your men are wounded or even killed, it does not make any difference to the rest of you, but you come rushing on, shouting and firing till you jump clear over our stockade! Ah, there's a very great difference between you and Burmans."

The Kachin has learned to respect the mounted infantry, and the mountain battery still more. Carried upon the backs of mules, the guns of the battery are trans-

ported over the mountains, then set up, sometimes upon the top of another hill, far out of reach of Kachin bullets; then shells drop into the village and behind the stockade, explode, and do an immense amount of injury, while the hill men are helpless and can do nothing to retaliate.

Like all hill tribes the Kachin is intensely clannish and also very revengeful. He will treasure up the memory of a slight for years till he has a chance of carrying out his revenge. In the old days blood feuds were common, so common in fact that if one met a Kachin anywhere and were to ask him where his home was the man would always lie and give the name of another village because he feared the person that addressed him might belong to a tribe with which his own was at feud.

It might be over a foolish, childish thing too, that is, foolish in our eyes, but not as the Kachin looks at it. A few months ago Rev. and Mrs. Hanson, Kachin missionaries in Bhamo, took a jungle trip over the hills, and upon her return, Mrs. Hanson told my wife of an experience in one of the mountain villages. Upon their arrival at this particular village all the people received them gladly except the wife of the chief,

and she would not say a word to Mrs. Hanson, although she talked with the other members of the party. Although the chief and everybody else chatted around the fire in the largest house in the village this woman maintained a dogged silence in spite of everything that Mrs. Hanson could do or say. Of course something was wrong, but the difficulty was to find out what it was. Finally it was discovered that the woman thought that Mrs. Hanson was the wife of another missionary. A dozen years before this Kachin woman had come down from the hills on a visit to Bhamo and had been rudely treated, as she thought, by the wife of one of the missionaries, and for all these years she had nursed this grudge in her heart. When she was assured that she had made a mistake and that Mrs. Hanson was what she really claimed to be, there was no more trouble and she became as friendly as her neighbors.

Here is another story: Years ago an old woman came from her home in the mountains to visit friends that had come down upon the plains to live. During her visit she was taken sick and died. The villagers thereupon killed a cow as an offering to the *nats* (fairies), wrapped her body in a

blanket, bought a gong to beat during the funeral rites and, in short, acted the part of good neighbors to the dead woman. When the bill was sent to her sons, however, they refused to pay, and this fact was "laid up against them" by the men who were compelled to put their hands into their pockets to pay for the cow, blanket, and gong.

In course of years the grandson of the old woman became a teacher in the Kachin Mission School at Bhamo and wished to marry the granddaughter of the head man of the village where the old woman had died; but when, according to Kachin custom, he sent a friend to ask for the girl's hand, he was told by her grandfather that he must pay for that cow, gong, and blanket before they would even listen to his suit.

After a man is dead we usually "let his faults die with him," but among this strange hill people, if the dead man dies a debtor the fact is proclaimed to every wayfarer that passes by his grave, for his tomb cannot be completed till every debt has been paid by his family. Years may pass but the grave remains unfinished, nay, it may fall a prey to white ants and be destroyed first because his sons will not or cannot settle his

debts. Should they be paid in full, however, the grave will be completed with appropriate ceremonies and the man is at last "buried" as the Kachin puts it, although he may possibly have been beneath the ground for years.

The revengeful spirit of these mountaineers shows itself very early and sometimes very unexpectedly too. Upon the Kachin mission compound was a boy in the mission school who had for years been taught, fed, and clothed by the mission. He was guilty of some fault—I do not know just what it was—and was warned that the next time he did it he would be punished. Before long he committed the same offense and was sent by his teacher to the missionary for punishment. He went to the Mission House, but first slipped into his own room, got a knife, and as the missionary came out upon the veranda, attacked him with it, although as he afterward said, he knew he deserved a good whipping.

Of course the Kachin is intensely ignorant. Like his cousins, the Karens in Lower Burma, he had no written language till Mr. Hanson, of our mission, devised an alphabet, wrote a grammar, and reduced the language

to writing. This ignorance is profound. It is hard, impossible in fact, for a Westerner to appreciate how deep it really is even after living among them for years. Like all ignorant people too, they are suspicious and liable to think that one is trying to fool them when talking upon a subject they are not familiar with. Mr. Hanson told me that some months ago Mr. Roberts, the senior Kachin missionary in Bhamo, was with him upon the hills during an eclipse of the moon. The natives, in great excitement, rushed about beating gongs, shouting, and making hideous noises, trying to frighten away the great frog which at times of eclipse is supposed to be engaged in the rather difficult task of eating the moon. After everything was over, the frog frightened away and the moon saved, Mr. Hanson tried to explain to them the real condition of affairs, but when they heard that the world was round, that people lived all around it upon the outside and yet did not go sliding away off into space, they showed clearly that they did not believe any such foolishness, and after the talk, when the missionaries were supposed to be sound asleep, one of them heard a Kachin remark in a loud whisper to a friend at his side, "My,

but those missionaries know how to lie, don't they ? "

The dress of a Kachin man is practically the same as a Shan's, only dirtier. The women wear a piece of cloth, which is wrapped around their waist and laps in front. Their jackets are made of blue cloth decorated with lines of shells or common bone buttons. The most remarkable part of a Kachin woman's dress, however, is her girdle, which is made out of a great number of rattan rings. It is worn outside the skirt, and I have never been able to make out just why she encumbers herself with it, for it certainly is not pretty, and it is still more certain that it serves no useful purpose. The wearer would tell you it was custom to wear it. That settles it and admits of no argument or change either.

The Kachins are very dirty. It would be difficult for an American to understand just how dirty they are. They often go for months without bathing, and their clothes —I am afraid of being charged with exaggeration were I to write just what they look like ; and the smell is even more striking. Still it must be kept in mind that, while the Burman builds his village upon the banks of a river and a moment or two is generally

sufficient to carry him to it for a bath, the Kachin builds his home upon the very top of a mountain. The nearest spring is often a mile or more away from his village and sometimes several hundred feet below, with nothing but a path, steep nearly as the side of a house, between him and it, and up this path all water has to be carried. It is small wonder, then, that the Kachin is chary of using water under such conditions.

One of the most ludicrous scenes in Burma is to see a Kachin in bazaar. His jacket and trousers are most likely much the worse for wear because, since their purchase months before, they have never been put into water save when their owner has been caught out in a rainstorm or has had to wade through a river, yet he is very likely to have a great turban of white muslin, yards long, which has been twisted around his head, on top of the old one, which has changed in color from its original white to a deep slate color, closely verging toward the hue of Lehigh coal.

Burma is the richest province in the Indian empire, and in it wages are very much higher than in India proper, the consequence being that many thousands of the

natives of India have emigrated to Burma, where they act much like the Italians in the United States. These *kallahs*, as the Burman calls them, have spread all over the land. They do a large amount of coolie work; the fighting races enter the army and the police; others open stalls in bazaar, drive ox-carts or *gharries*, and act as servants to Europeans or even rich Burmans and Chinamen. They are messengers at court, *durwans* or watchmen of bungalows, porters on the railroads; and a hundred other positions are filled by these natives of India. They bring their religion and many of their customs with them too, so that there is a mosque for Mohammedans and a temple for Hindus in every large town of the province.

One of the most interesting classes among the natives of India is the *baboo* or clerk. A large percentage of subordinate government positions is filled by these *baboos*. The post-office, the courts, the government telegraph, commissariat, the public works department, and the subordinate grade of the Indian medical service all offer positions to him. He often hails from Bengal and is then distressingly polite and takes himself very seriously, especially if

he has graduated from an Indian university. In such a case he just loves to wallow in polysyllables and never uses a short word if he can possibly use several long ones. For example, I once received a note which said:

SIR: I have the honour to take the liberty of forwarding herewith, per bearer, the exhausted receptacle for your considerate replenishment.

In simple English, he sent a bottle and wanted it refilled, but preferred to use what he thought a much grander way of making his request.

Some of his brethren, however, have not been fortunate enough to receive a university education, but that does not prevent them from spilling ink upon every possible and impossible occasion. The following is a gem from the pen of a man in Bhamo:

FATHER: Your sweeper Gauda Singh is suffering badly by Asthma a cough. When he sneeze The Cough fells from brain does not come out, by gethering at Chest he Cannot breath & is in great difficult

Kindly give some medicine as I hear your name a very kind and gracious Father ————

Here is another which was written to me by an official in the post-office and falls about midway between the two extremes,

but still shows the craze for using long words when shorter ones would do the work better:

SIR: The patient is rather better and much improved now. We are very grateful to your honour for the kind support accorded him. When you come over other particulars will be intimated.

I beg to remain, sir, your most obedient servant,

A *baboo*, to use Thackeray's words, "dearly loves a lord," and, as lords are scarce in Burma, he gives every title he can think of to whomsoever he writes.

"Honoured Sir," "Most Respected Sir," "Your Honour," and "Most Honoured Sir" are the most common ways of addressing a letter, but last week I received a new title and was called "Your Reverendship." Being a missionary seems to some people's minds to entitle a man to be called "Rev." although he has never been ordained, so that letters addressed to "The Rev. Dr. Griggs" are common enough, but the very height was reached when a note came with "The Rev. Dr. William C. Griggs, Esq., M. D.," on it. Human ingenuity could not twist another title out of me.

Baboo English has been the subject of many and many an Indian joke, and it

certainly is very funny. Natives of India have a great habit of using the participle instead of the verb, "eating" for "eat," "running" instead of "run," etc. "Plenty" too, is an overworked word. "Plenty good," "plenty bad," and so on.

A "boy" comes into the dispensary and says, "Head paining, sir." Then you know that he is not very sick, but if he says, "Head plenty paining, sir," you may feel sure he feels "plenty bad," while the superlative degree is reached when, with a woe-begone face he groans, "Head too much plenty paining, sir."

The word "too" is also used strangely. "It is too bad" must not be understood in its American sense, for it means it is "very bad." A man became very hard up and brought around a petition setting forth that he was out of work, had a large family, had no money but many debts, as well as countless other woes, and begging "the charitable-minded gentlemen of the city and community" to help him get to Mandalay, where he was promised work.

I had attended his wife during a severe sickness, so going, I suppose, upon the Irishman's explanation of one good turn's deserving another, he brought his subscrip-

tion list to me. I gave him a few rupees, and he then took his way to the house of another missionary. This gentleman did not know him and said so, upon which he said, "Oh, Doctor Griggs knows me too well." He did not mean this, of course, in the way in which an American would take it, though as it turned out afterward it should have been taken in just that way.

One class of natives of India, usually called the "shopkeeper" class, contains, I think, some of the most expert rascals in the world. Cheating has become a fine art with them, and there is nothing they sell which must be taken at its face value. My wife has several times sent to bazaar for thread and found part of it had been used, although at first sight it looked like a full spool. Mr. Rockefeller's oil cans will sometimes have a minute hole in them through which quite a large amount of the oil has been drawn off and water put in its place, a crude way of "watering oil stock."

Some months ago I ran short of quinine in the dispensary because the steamer upon which was a fresh supply ran upon a sand-bank in the river, so I was obliged to send to the bazaar for some. The bottles seemed a good deal lighter than usual, I thought,

and yet the tin-foil capsules over the corks appeared to be intact. When I came to examine more closely, however, I found that they had been carefully removed, the paraffin beneath had been melted, and the cork withdrawn. Nearly one-third of the quinine had been extracted and the balance well shaken up to make it look all right, a comparatively easy thing to do, seeing how light quinine is. The cork had then been replaced, the paraffin carefully smoothed, and the capsule replaced so skilfully that it required careful looking to detect the fraud.

Every-day Sights and Sounds

II

THE Burman is a trader, and buying and selling-places are therefore much in evidence. They run all the way from the big bazaars covering a large space of land, with concrete walks, iron roofs, and hundreds of stalls, such as one sees in the great cities, down to a row of crazy sheds made of crooked bamboo posts and thatch that has long since passed its term of usefulness, or the front of a house upon the floor of which are exposed for sale a few bunches of ancient bananas of doubtful look, a little curry stuff, and a few articles of hardware "made in Germany."

Away off upon the Shan hills, bazaar is held once in every five days. Here it is not only the trading-place, but is where everybody gathers from all the villages for miles around, coming in with coolie baskets laden with produce and, what is of almost as great consequence, with minds thirsting for the latest news or scandal, which is retailed together with the goods offered for sale.

Set apart is a place where gambling is carried on, and many a Shan leaves behind him all the money he gained from the sale of the goods he brought to bazaar; the very coolie baskets they were brought in often remaining too, and sometimes even his blanket and sword. In Burma proper gambling is not allowed, fortunately, by the government, and "gambler's row" does not exist; but in the Shan country, where native princes still rule the people under British protection and guidance, gambling booths are as much a part of every bazaar as those where rice, betel nut, or cloth is sold.

A new-comer to Burma usually pays an early visit to the bazaar, but in the majority of cases it is not soon repeated. If one wishes to enjoy his beefsteak for breakfast, or the roast for dinner, it is advisable not to go to the place where they are sold. The smells one meets with there are very pronounced, especially in that part of bazaar where *nga pe* is sold. This *nga pe* is, perhaps, the most universally used dainty in Burma; it enters into every meal, in fact, without it a meal would not be complete; still, from a Western standpoint the smell is quite too strenuous. *Nga pe* is made of

A Burmese Doll Seller. Page 65

fish. They are split open, and after the bones have been taken out, are spread upon mats till they are extremely strong, then they are packed into bamboo baskets and pressed till the mass becomes like jelly and smells—well, like *nga pe*. Sometimes it is dried till it looks like a mixture of chipped glue and dust, but it does not smell the same ; even glue is innoxious when compared with *nga pe*. Now, if the reader will bear in mind the fact that in large bazaars there are often great heaps of *nga pe*, he will not be surprised to learn that the air is malodorous.

After the bazaar the next most common sight, perhaps, is a *pwae*, or feast. *Pwaes* are of many kinds. One of the most interesting is the dancing-doll *pwae*. The men who work these dolls are extremely skilful, especially when one takes into account the crude surroundings. First of all a platform is built, usually of bamboo, and a curtain is hung above it lengthwise, leaving a narrow ledge in front, but wide enough at the rear of the curtain for men to walk upon. A canopy is hung above all ; at night a band is stationed in front ; the stage is lit up and the dolls are made to dance upon the ledge before the curtain.

Fine strings are fastened to their heads, elbows, hands, etc., and by their means they are made to dance, kneel before kings in supplication, fight, go through the most complicated movements possible; in fact, they act out whole dramas.

Besides these there are plays in which men and women act. These are long and tedious, that is to Western ideas, but the Burman never wearies of them, although they sometimes take four or even five nights to finish. They are usually given by a person in search of popularity or merit, and in that case are exhibited free of cost; anybody can sit down and enjoy the play, the whole of the expenses being borne by the man who has "called" the players. They are often held at feasts, when a child is to be made into a priest, or on any holiday.

A rough stage is set up in an open lot; the background is made of mats decorated with pictures, shawls, or anything that can be borrowed; the ever-present band takes up its station in front; mats are spread upon the ground for the spectators to sit upon, a special place being reserved for the man who gives the play, and at dark it commences and continues all night, and for

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thicker than a sheet of tissue paper. This is peeled off just as at home one peels off a banana skin, and the cooked rice inside is eaten with great relish.

The music one hears at these *pwaes* certainly deserves a little notice. Gongs, drums, and a kind of horn, together with cymbals and clappers—the last made out of split bamboo—are the chief instruments, and if they do not produce melodious sounds when judged by our ideals, they yet make a great deal of noise. To use a Wall Street expression, if Burman music is short on quality, it is at least long on quantity ; in fact, the noise sometimes degenerates into a din in which the man with the gong seems to try and drown the sound of the horn and the musician behind the latter holds his own so well that the notes are simply ear-splitting.

One instrument is unique. It is composed of a frame, richly carved and ornamented, round, and about six feet across. This is placed upon the ground, the musician taking his place in the middle. Around the inside of this frame are arranged a number of gongs of different sizes and tones and they are struck with two sticks, one in each hand of the performer. It looks very funny

to see a man, as a friend of mine said, "sitting inside his instrument," pounding away as fast as ever he can, twisting and turning to get at his gongs.

The Shans often have a number of gongs hung upon a bamboo and as each gong has a different tone a chord is produced when they are all struck together which is often very pleasant. But it is monotonous in the extreme ; for two or three boys will strike and strike and strike again, giving out the same notes each time, and keep this up for hours, yet they never seem to tire of the music.

I have never seen a country, not even Japan, where street parades are so beautiful as in Burma. The air is so clear, and the sunshine is so bright that this of itself lends a charm to beautiful colors. Long strings of girls walking in single file, with baskets containing fruit done up in banana leaves upon their heads, form a pretty picture indeed. The jackets are almost always of white linen and the dresses of silk, pink or red usually, sometimes yellow ; the jet black hair and showy silk handkerchiefs around their necks form a picture that would send an artist raving with delight.

At the Water Feast these processions are

especially beautiful. Then the girls and boys rise early, go to the river and fill their chatties, or bowls, with water, and after forming into line walk to the pagodas where they throw water over the idols. Later on they throw water over each other and a great amount of fun results.

The Burmans do not as a rule make good household servants and therefore most of the "help," as we would say at home, are natives of India. First and foremost comes the white-robed, turbaned Madrassi. He is a "boy" if he has passed his seventieth birthday. His knowledge of colloquial English is wonderful, and if a person's pocket-book is only long enough to stand the strain, he makes a grand servant.

For generations his ancestors have been servants and this has gone on so long that he actually seems to have inherited a special aptness to cook, and wait on table, and —to cheat; for without exception he is the greatest pilferer yet evolved. Butter and tea and coffee and sugar evaporate in the most remarkable manner. A joint comes upon the table for dinner, a cut or two are taken from it and the balance disappears without leaving a trace. If "master" drinks (he always does in Burma if he is

not a missionary), brandy and whisky bottles empty themselves mysteriously leaving, like the celebrated one in "Pickwick Papers," "nothing but the cork and the smell"; and goods for which an anna was paid in bazaar, through the simple process of carrying them thence to the cook-house, gain so greatly in value that they are charged "missus" two annas.

Still, if, as I said before, one's purse can stand it, the Madrassi makes an incomparable servant. He revels in big dinners, and will grudge no pains in making one a success; he will spend hours and hours decorating cakes or making "fancy fixin's" and the air with which a Madrassi butler waits upon table would put the most pompous English servant in the shade.

The *dhobie* is also an importation from India. He wears out clothes and incidentally washes them. In order to see him at his work of destruction it is necessary to go to the river's bank or the edge of a tank. Here the big bundle of dirty clothes is thrown upon the ground, and several garments selected to commence operations with. He twists them into a sort of rope and wades into the river till the water reaches his knees. Next he dips

them in the river till they are thoroughly soaked. Near-by is a large, flat stone partly embedded in the sand, or the trunk of an old tree, the top of which has become polished by previous exertions on his part. Into the water again goes the rope of clothes, then he swings it above his head and brings it down, swash, upon the stone with all his might. He gives a queer little grunt every time, a sort of vicarious offering, for the clothes would groan if they only could. Then over his head go the clothes again, down they come once more, swash, swash, swash! He pauses every once in a while just long enough to give them another soaking and shift his grip a little, then once more he starts and thud, thud, thud, go the clothes till they are clean—and one stage nearer the rag-bag.

The *bheestie* also hails from the farther side of the Bay of Bengal. He is the water-carrier, and can be seen plodding slowly along with a goatskin full of water upon his back. He makes one think of Bible pictures as he labors past, but this sort of *bheestie* is doomed; the goatskin is passing away, before what? You would guess a long time and then not get it right for you would probably not think it likely

that Mr. Rockefeller is slowly but surely changing a custom older than the very Bible itself, but it is a fact. The goatskin is disappearing before the tin can, and now the water-carrier usually brings you water not as he used to in a skin sack, but over his shoulder now is a coolie stick and at either end of this stick hangs a large can which, when it left America, was full of Standard oil. In fact, these cans have become a standard for judging a great many things in Burma, and are often used to measure grain and oil and other things.

The *syce* must not be left unmentioned or unnoticed when talking of servants. He too, is a native of India. His work is to attend to the pony; he is, in fact, the groom, and is one of the most remarkable runners you would meet with during a journey around the entire world. After he has saddled his master's pony and helped the "sahib" to mount, he trots along behind the horse ready, at a moment's notice, to render assistance if needed, or be at the bridle the moment the rein is drawn. These men will run for great distances, and not only that, but they often carry the polo stick or the tennis racket which the rider wishes to use at the end of his ride.

The barber, usually a Mohammedan, plies his trade in the open street. A fellow-believer wishing his head shaved or his beard trimmed takes his seat upon the ground and the barber sits before him. Unmindful of the crowds passing and repassing, he takes a few drops of water from a little brass pot and dampens the head of his customer—his victim, I had almost written ; then without any soap, he commences to scrape, and he works away till his job is finished in a most workmanlike style. He is rewarded with a few copper pieces ; his customer marches off and he is ready for " Next ! "

A " box wallah," or in plain English a hawker or pedler, often puts in an appearance with silks, silver trinkets, embroideries, and curios for sale. One must learn how to buy from him, however. It is a work of art and patience as well to make a purchase. After he has spread his silks over the veranda floor, and you, or rather your wife, has made her selection, she asks the price. He names a sum at least twice, more often thrice, what he would be willing to sell it for, and then comes a great deal of chaffering and beating down. Suppose, for example, he says twelve rupees. You laugh at him and ask him what the

"proper" price is, not the "first asking" price, but he assures you that he gave eleven rupees and a half, and only expects to make one single, solitary eight-anna piece upon the transaction. You know that he is telling a lie and laugh his story to scorn, so he looks at your wife and says, "What will missus give? Missus make proper price." "Four rupees," says your better half promptly. Now it is the hawker's turn to laugh and he folds up his goods as though that ended the bargaining, but you will notice that he does not put them back into his box or bundle. After a great deal of talk in which he assures you that he is a very poor man and that you are very rich and great, and will not miss a rupee or two, he comes down a little in his price, a rupee at a time, each time that he lowers his price protesting that he is losing money, but your wife remains firm. Finally in apparent desperation he draws a rupee from his pocket and offers to gamble. "You toss me whether you pay five rupees or seven," he says. Of course, as you are a missionary, you shake your head at this; then he holds up the piece of silk, shakes it, shows you how beautiful it is, assures you again that he is a very poor man and

did not make a rupee in profit the day before, then he tosses it toward you and says: "I'll sell it for six." Your wife may perhaps raise her price eight annas (half a rupee) and with many groans he says that he will let it go for five and to end the chaffering you give in.

He swears solemnly that you have given him four rupees less than he paid for it and that the only hope he has of making up his loss is by asking "plenty big prices" at every other house at which he will call that day, but if you tell him that you do not wish to cheat him and offer to give the goods back to him if he will return your money he shakes his head and says he likes to be cheated; that is his way of doing business.

These box wallahs have one peculiar superstition. When they start out upon their rounds in the morning they must either make a sale in the first house in which they open their pack, or have bad luck throughout the entire day, and rather than make no sale they are willing to sell an article—preferably an inexpensive one in this case—at a real loss, and so keep their good luck.

The "coffee wallah" is another common

sight upon the street. Like the barber, he is usually a follower of the prophet and turns his face toward Mecca and bows profoundly each night when the muezzin mounts the minaret of the mosque and calls the faithful to their prayers.

He carries a coolie stick over his shoulder at one end of which is a hanging tray covered with cups and saucers. This is balanced at the other end by a basket in which is a large iron chattie or cooking-pot full of hot coffee, with a charcoal fire burning beneath. He walks slowly through bazaar or the principal streets, ready at a moment's notice to sit upon the ground and dish out a cup of coffee to a customer.

His great rival in business is the Chinese chow chow man. The Celestial carries a much more complicated trading outfit, however. At each end of a bamboo coolie stick is a sort of table, or rather number of tables, one beneath the other, something like a set of shelves joined at the corners. Upon each are a number of dishes containing mysterious looking chow. It would be a very difficult matter to guess of what each dish is composed, perhaps a hopeless task, but his customers have no fear apparently; they sit upon the ground and eat, using the

chop sticks belonging to the outfit and which are at each customer's service, without any qualms either of conscience or stomach. No wonder that almost every native has dyspepsia ; the only wonder is that any are free, and as a matter of fact the number is very small.

Once in a while an Indian snake-charmer puts in an appearance with his shallow baskets full of cobras, his pipe, and his snake-stone. He is usually a great fraud. The fangs have all been drawn from his snakes so that they are harmless, and anybody could handle them with impunity. He plays upon his pipe and makes them "dance," as he calls it, or in other words sway back and forth while his flute squeaks a discordant noise called by courtesy a tune.

He finally handles one snake which turns upon him and is supposed to bite his hand. He pretends to suffer great agony as well as fear. He grasps the hand bitten, wrings it, groans aloud, and twists as though he had the colic. Between groans and grunts he opens a very dirty cotton bag and from it takes a small flat stone. This stone cures the wound the snake did not make, as an Irishman might put it. He spits upon one side of the stone and presses it to the place

where the cobra is supposed to have stung him. The effect is instantaneous; the groans cease, his twisting also stops, and in a few minutes, the saliva having dried, the stone falls from his hand and lo, no wound is there, not even a mark, nothing but dirt, although it must be confessed there is a good deal of that.

The crowd gathered around to witness the performance, however, sometimes takes the pantomime for solid truth and is much impressed. Scores of children stand and gape and wonder, with a little fear too, on their faces; even the babies tied to the backs of their big sisters seem to enter into the wonder. Poor little urchins, some of the elder children that carry them are not much more than babies themselves or very much larger than their charges, and it is wonderful how many babies there are; for almost every woman's back is decorated in the same manner.

When a Burman woman wants to carry her child, she bends forward till her back is at right angles with the rest of her body; then upon it she puts her child. A shawl is thrown over the baby and the ends brought in front of the mother's chest, over one arm, and under the other; then the

woman straightens up and her baby is fast upon her back, with nothing visible but a small head with coal black hair and eyes of the same color. The woman works, sits down, gets up, chats, smokes, cooks, and eats, and the baby's head wobbles and shakes as though it would come off, but it is never hurt apparently and looks quite happy in spite of the shaking.

Death visits all countries, and is no more a respecter of persons in Burma than in America, and the funeral procession is one of the most unique sights one sees in the land of the pagoda. The coffin is always highly decorated. It is covered with bright-colored paper, usually with gilt braid tacked along the edges, and often has pictures, brightly colored, pasted upon the sides and lid. The coffin is made in the street before the house where the dead body lies in full view of every passer-by. It is made of rough boards nailed together, often with wide gaps between, but the bright-colored paper or cloth covers up all these defects, and when finished it is, to Burman eyes at least, a thing of beauty.

In order to convey it to the cemetery it is placed upon a bier made of bamboos, gaily decorated with flags, streamers, silk

handkerchiefs, and gaudy paper panels upon which figures of men, women, and *nats* have been drawn. These biers are often a dozen feet high and the coffin is perched several feet above the shoulders of the men carrying it. Sometimes the bier is built upon a sort of car and is drawn to the cemetery by scores of men and women, friends of the dead.

The head of the procession is always formed by coolies, walking two and two, each couple bearing between them a bamboo pole upon which is hung a large number of presents, jackets, blankets, robes, fans, food, mats, etc. These are for the priests and are carried to the different monasteries after the ceremonies are over.

Next comes a band of musicians with horns, fifes, gongs, and clappers making a tremendous din ; then comes the procession proper, men, women, and children all mixed up without any order ; laughing, shouting, and joking, with no more solemnity than though they were on their way to the circus.

Seven days afterward there is a great commotion in the house from which the funeral started. Fires are made in the street and great pans of food are cooked

over them. This is the funeral feast, a large part of it going to the monasteries, but the neighbors and beggars, of course, come in for their share of the good things. If the relatives of the dead man should omit holding this feast, the ghost of the departed would, without any doubt whatever, return to its old home and haunt it and his old companions as well.

Except in the larger cities where they are under the charge of the municipality and therefore have an Englishman at the head, the Burman cemetery is nothing more than a piece of waste land. Vegetation is very dense in Burma, and after the rains the bushes which have grown luxuriantly during the wet weather are sometimes chopped down, sometimes not, but that is the extent of the work expended on it; nothing is done to keep it in order and I know no more desolate sight in the wide world than these broken pieces of ground littered with the fragments of old biers which have been thrown upon the graves and left to rot and decay. The tattered ends of gaudy paper, the ends of bamboos, and around all the coarse grass and ugly weeds—the most dismal sight in all Burma. On the Shan hills I have seen graves which have been

torn open by dogs, the flimsy coffins broken, and the dead bodies eaten. My wife and myself once disturbed a number of dogs at such a ghastly repast, and one, as it darted away towards the village carried a skull in its mouth to feast upon afterwards.

The English cemetery presents one very strange sight—that is, strange to a newcomer, though one soon gets used to it—graves already dug and waiting for their occupants. In a tropical country the funeral must necessarily follow very quickly after death. In case a cholera epidemic pays the city a visit—unfortunately not a rare occurrence—there is occasion for even more speedy interment, but under ordinary circumstances should a person die during the morning he is buried at sunset and, should he die during the night, he is carried to his last home at sunrise and so the grave ready-dug is a necessity.

I have been much struck by the fact that, as the old saying has it, "prejudices die hard." Take the Bhamo cemetery, for example. The center is reserved for the "Church of England," the Episcopalians, as we would call them in America, members of the Established Church; but if a man during life has been a dissenter he is

buried "alongside the wall" in the worst part of the cemetery. The first funeral I witnessed in Bhamo was that of an American miner who had come to Burma hunting gold. He was buried among the dissenters and the native Christians, members of the Baptist church, and a few months ago an English soldier was laid away near the miner. This man was not buried near his comrades because in life they had "followed the big drum" to parade service and listened to prayers read by the chaplain in "church," while he, poor fellow, had gone to "chapel" and listened to a Methodist minister, therefore he was not counted worthy of filling a grave in "consecrated" ground. This is an old English custom now happily obsolete, I believe, in England, where broader and more charitable views have prevailed over old-time prejudices, but it still flourishes in at least one city in Burma if not in others.

Among the large number of natives of India that live in Burma are many Mohammedans. There is a mosque in every large city and near it a raised platform or minaret which the muezzin ascends at certain hours to call "the faithful" to prayers. I once saw a minaret which was made from the

trunk of an old tree, the platform at the top being reached by a small ladder made of bamboo, which leaned against the trunk. Each evening at sunset we saw the priest mount this platform ; then, with his opened hands raised, he called in a peculiar, high-pitched tone which could be heard for a wonderfully long distance.

Upon hearing the summons every good Mohammedan ceases his work, spreads his mat, turns his face toward Mecca, and prays. Should he be in his shop, in bazaar, or upon the street, it makes but little difference. He stands, raises his hands, bows, kneels, and goes through the prescribed formula in as unconcerned a fashion as though he were alone in his house.

The Mohammedan priest calling his followers to prayer has a counterpart among the Burmans. Every night at dusk the Buddhist priests enter the idol-houses and chant prayers before the idols. Just before this happens a man—almost always an old one, who wishes to gain the reputation of being a very holy personage—takes a three-cornered gong in one hand and a mallet or short, heavy piece of wood, in the other, and marches slowly along the principal streets, striking the gong as he goes. Upon

this signal the old women leave their houses, bearing glasses or cups of flowers upon their heads, and rosary in hand, make their way to the idol-houses, where they devoutly sit behind the priests, their hands clasped before their faces in adoration, earning merit which will help to atone for the sins committed during the day. One very rarely sees any but very old women going thus evening by evening to the idol-houses. The younger people practically never attend save upon some special occasion such as feasts or when they wish to get something, when they will go with offerings night after night and listen to the yellow-robed, shaven priests. After the ceremony is over—it does not last very long—the old women return to their homes to gossip and smoke.

One strange sound often heard at night is singing, or, rather, chanting. In the old days there were, of course, no lamp-posts in the cities; in fact, there are none now except in the towns under a municipal government, so that, except on moonlight nights, the streets were pitch dark soon after sunset. This afforded an excellent opportunity for barefooted thieves to stalk unwary passengers, so there was a law that after a certain time at night every person

abroad must sing at the top of his voice and thus show he was an honest citizen, not afraid of anybody's knowing his whereabouts and, although now in the cities lamps line the streets, the old custom has not entirely fallen into disuse, and one often hears at night a man passing along the street singing at the very top of his voice.

One of the commonest sights is that of persons kindly carrying a search-warrant through a friend's hair. The patient sits in the sunlight so that the operator can see to do his work well, lets down his or her hair, and the search commences. The vermin found are sometimes not killed—such an act would be against Buddhist law—but are dropped upon the ground and allowed to crawl away.

The Burmans are not dirty. They are, I think, the cleanest of Orientals. They bathe daily and often wash their clothes, but everybody, men and women, wear long hair and, as they always bathe in cold water, it is impossible to keep their heads free from vermin.

Among the lower classes—the coolies, for instance—body vermin are very common, so that during a jungle trip, when the caravan halts for a rest, the coolies have a

habit of pulling off their jackets to hunt through the seams. During our first jungle trip, when my wife saw the coolie who carried our bed engaged in this necessary occupation she said "it made her shiver," and it must be acknowledged it does not look nice, but strange to say, although we took many trips the first two years we were in Burma and, although my work carries me into all sorts of houses and all sorts of places, clean and dirty, yet in fourteen years I have never found vermin upon my clothes. They seem to be discriminating.

The staple food of the Burman is rice. A rice field, or paddy field as it is usually called in Anglo-Indian colloquial, is a very different affair from a wheat field at home. There are two kinds of fields, and two kinds of rice are raised, the highland and the low-land, the former being much harder and less nutritious than the latter.

When a Kachin wishes to make a rice field he selects a mountainside, and during the dry season sets fire to the jungle covering it, the ashes from the burnt trees being the only dressing upon it. Then upon the side of the hill, often almost as steep as the side of a house, he sows his paddy, which in due time is reaped and the jungle allowed

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to grow again. Next year he selects another site, and thus he goes on, burning and planting, planting and burning, till in the course of a few years the first field has become covered once more with trees all ready to be burnt again. It would be difficult to conceive a more wasteful method, but who cares? Not the Kachin, that is certain. The territory is wide, the hillsides numberless, and the jungle dense. Besides, "the easiest way is always the best way" in the East.

Lowland rice growing among the Burmans is, however, a very different affair. Rice demands a large amount of moisture; in fact, it is planted and sprouts in mud. The field is divided and subdivided into numberless smaller fields, each separated from its neighbor by raised banks or ridges of earth. These banks are made for the purpose of holding the water with which each field is flooded.

The Burman plow is a primitive affair. In Upper Burma it is usually nothing more than a sharp, heavy stick with one handle, and does little more than scratch the ground as it is dragged along by a couple of powerful buffaloes. This is hard, heavy work, as the animals and the man behind them some-

times sink at every step almost up to their knees in mud. But at last the plowing is finished and the seed is sown. Soon the green stalks of the paddy plant appear, and then comes another laborious task, for each plant is pulled up by the roots, tied into bundles, and then transplanted from the "nursery" into the big, wide field. Imagine working in a paddy field all day long up to one's knees in mud and water, with a fierce tropical sun beating down and the smell from water, mud, and manure rising in clouds. Imagine this and then you will not be surprised to hear that the men and women that do this work get fever and rheumatism.

Birds play havoc with the ripening grain, and many are the devices used to scare the marauders off. The scarecrow, of course, is one. Strings are also stretched across the fields, and pieces of bamboo and rags tied to them flutter in the wind. Another favorite way, especially among the Shans, is to split bamboos for almost their entire length. The solid end is buried in the ground, several bamboos being planted in different parts of the field, and to the split end of each, near the top, a string is fastened and carried across the field to a hut

in which small boys take their station. They draw these strings, pulling the split ends of the bamboo far apart, then letting go the string suddenly, the two sides of the bamboo come together with a report loud enough to frighten away any bird with average nerves. As each string in turn is pulled it sometimes sounds almost like a volley of small arms.

Instead of these wooden clappers the boys are sometimes armed with bows made out of bamboo, but instead of shooting arrows they use small round pellets made of clay baked in the sun till they are as hard as stone. Boys become wonderfully expert with these weapons, and woe betide the bird that does not fly when they make their appearance.

After the paddy has been reaped, threshed, and ground it is brought into the cities as rice and sold. Vast quantities of paddy also go to the rice mills of Rangoon, where it is prepared, graded, and exported to Europe and Egypt.

One part of the process of turning paddy into rice is very interesting. The husks are pounded off the paddy, and this breaks a large number of the grains, so that some are large and some but small pieces of ker-

nels. The separating of the whole from the broken rice is usually done by girls and women. A large flat tray is used, and several handfuls of the mixed grain are placed upon it; the tray is round with a raised edge, is made of bamboo, and is called a *san byah*. Several handfuls of the mixed grain are placed upon it, and then the girl takes it in both hands and tosses the rice in the air, skilfully catching it upon the tray again as it falls and moving it so that the large, heavy grains fall to one side and the broken pieces upon the other. Then with a dexterous turn of her wrist she tosses the good rice into a basket at her side and throws the broken grains upon a large mat at her feet.

Some of the animals of Burma are certainly worthy of a place in this chapter, and first and foremost comes the pariah, usually known as the "pi" dog. A traveler once said that the "pi" dog had all the faults and failings of his race and none of the good ones to balance the account. He receives no "bringing up" as does his relative in America, but from the time his eyes are opened he has to learn to run and dodge stones, and he has to learn too, almost as soon to forage for himself, for

although his mother and his brothers and sisters nominally belong to the person living in the house they claim as home, that person does not consider it his duty to provide food for him. If the dog of highest degree in America had to live under similar conditions he would speedily degenerate into the snapping, snarling, ugly-tempered, and yet withal cowardly brute, called a "pi."

The cheekiest, most impudent, and yet the smartest animal that walks, runs, crawls, or flies, is the Burman crow. As fearless as the "pi" is cowardly, and as smart as the dog is dull, the crow is one of the greatest pests in Burma. He is everywhere. He steals a livelihood, and yet does it in such a cool, impudent manner that one has to admire him, although he is often the cause of a great amount of bad temper and even bad language.

The crow will steal the breakfast from the plate as the boy is carrying it from the cook-house to the dining-room; he will boldly fly off with a chop from the dining-room table, or steal a cake or a crust from the baby's hand as it sits on the ground. The man that, like Pharaoh's baker of old, carries baskets of bread upon his head is obliged to cover his basket with a cloth or

he would have no wares to sell in a very few minutes after leaving his house. I have seen a crow knock the lid off a pot and steal potatoes which were cooking in it over the fire, and if crows were only strong enough they would steal the traditional red-hot stove and not turn a feather; of that I am confident.

A few weeks ago the cook placed a silver spoon on the dining-room table and went into the kitchen; a moment after he came running in and cried out that a crow had flown away with it. Sure enough there sat a crow upon the top of a jack-fruit tree with something shining in his mouth, and after he had been pelted and driven from tree to tree in the compound by a squad of schoolboys, he dropped his prize and one of the boys brought the teaspoon triumphantly to my wife.

Crows are wise too. For example, see that dog eating a bone on the veranda? He is gnawing away very contentedly, but gives a growl and lifts his head threateningly as a crow alights upon the railing, and turning his head very much to one side gives a loud, long, deep caw. The dog knows full well that his bone is in danger. He has lost many a sweet morsel

and tidbit ere this, so he growls more angrily than ever as a second crow joins the first upon the railing, turns his head to one side with a sly look, and gives a deep croak as his friend had done.

Now comes an exhibition of team play on the part of the two crows. One alone could not possibly get the bone away from its owner, but the two can do it easily, and although the dog has often been fooled before in exactly the same way, he falls a victim to the wiles of his enemies as easily as when first the trick was played at his expense.

Crow number one continues to sit upon the veranda railing and give a croak or two of approval as his friend flies behind the dog and begins to peck at him. The dog growls and shows his teeth but that does not worry his tormentor in the least; crow number two continues to deliver his pecks on the dog's back and his companion continues his approving croaks till dog-nature can stand it no longer and whirling around he attacks his tormentor in fury. Here is the opportunity waited-for on the part of crow number one; he swoops upon the bone from his perch on the railing, at the same time giving a final triumphant croak, and flies

away with the bone in his beak to the top of a tree, whither he is followed by crow number two who has, of course, easily made his escape from the dog, and both fight for possession of their booty, while their victim howls, barks, and snaps in unavailing anger.

But although crows are so smart they can be easily deceived too. When a Burman wishes to set out a load of fish in the sun to dry he takes a make-believe bow with an arrow tied to the string and points the end toward the mat upon which his fish are drying, and the crows, thinking it is a trap and the fish merely a great bait, will give it the widest possible berth—the fish are as safe from them as though they were locked up in an iron, burglar-proof safe. Sometimes the fisherman ties some strings across and across, a few inches above the mat, leaving often a loop to dangle in the air ; this plan is just as effectual as the bow and arrow.

The Burmans have a saying, "The crow is a thief, the hawk is a highwayman, but the vulture is a '*su daw gaung*' " (a very virtuous person, a saint, in fact). The vulture gets his good character from the fact that he never takes life, but feeds entirely

upon dead animals, while the crow and the hawk do not hesitate to kill anything they can tackle successfully.

Still, although the crow is a nuisance, there are two sides even to the crow question. Crows do the work that scavengers do at home, and it would be very unpleasant to live in a Burman town without them and the pariah, for the latter are scavengers too. Odds and ends of food, burnt rice that sticks to the edges and bottoms of cooking-pots, and the skins of vegetables and fruit are thrown in front of the houses or through cracks in the floor, as the easiest way of getting rid of them. Then the crow, ever on the watch, carries away what in a few hours would be a decaying, germ-breeding mass. Oh, yes, the crow, in spite of his exasperating voice and pilfering ways is a very useful member of Burmese life, a sort of blessing in disguise—sometimes very thoroughly disguised.

Burma is the land of ants; they just overrun the country. Red ants, black ants, and white ants; big ants, little ants, and middling-sized ants. They live in the jungle, in the garden, and in the house; in fact, to enumerate the places where they live would be like telling in what places the

frogs were found during the plagues of Egypt. They climb up the posts, run over the floors, and climb up the legs of the tables. The meat-safe or cupboard has to be made with legs, one end of which must be set in small dishes full of water, otherwise the food would soon become black with ants. If one should kill a roach or a beetle at night, by morning myriads of these little creatures will have put in an appearance and will drag it across the floor, up posts a dozen feet or more high, and away into their storehouse, often situated under the roof between the joists of the floors. A few grains of sugar spilled from the table at meals call out swarms of ants, so many, in fact, that they form a regular army marching and counter-marching till they are ruthlessly swept away by a broom, and then some of them revenge themselves by running up the handle and biting the hand and arm of the man holding it.

The white ants, however, are the most destructive. They will eat anything in a house except stones and cast-iron. A piece of pine wood left out of doors will be riddled in a few hours. They eat the bottoms of the house-posts which are set in the ground, and play havoc generally with wood

of almost every sort. It is because they do not eat teak as readily as some other kinds of lumber that makes that wood so useful in building purposes in Burma.

When a house is built the bottoms of the posts are smeared with tar or earth oil, but even this does not preserve them indefinitely. After a few years the white ants attack them, and when that happens it is the beginning of the end of that post. I have taken a knife or a screwdriver and broken a hole into the heart of a post as big around as myself, the wood cutting as easily as punk. Originally this post was as hard as oak but had become just honeycombed by these destructive little creatures. The damage they do is ridiculously out of proportion to their size, for although they are but little larger than the general run of ants the results of their work cost many thousands, nay, lacs of rupees in the course of a few years.

Bees are very prevalent in Burma and some of them build their homes in most wonderful places. There is one kind of bee that builds its nest out of mud in any hole that strikes its fancy, and fills it with caterpillars for its grubs to feed upon after they are hatched. Holes in posts, or where

a nail has been pulled out are favorite spots; so are keyholes and the corners of rooms, but the very strangest place of all that I have yet seen was in my stethoscope. One morning I placed the instrument to my ears to listen to a patient's heart but to my surprise could not hear a sound. The stethoscope looked all right and yet I could not hear with it. Finally I blew down one side, or rather tried to blow, for I found it was plugged up, and a sliver of bamboo showed that an enterprising bee had spent the afternoon previous in filling up the tubes as nests for her little ones. Unfortunately for her the work was thrown away and she had to start over again in a new place, but it did not improve the stethoscope.

When one first comes to Burma one is always interested in the gekkoes or house lizards. These little fellows run over walls and ceilings, sometimes as many as a dozen in a single room. They are welcome too, for they feed upon flies and other insects and thus help to keep them down. There is a kind of large lizard that lives in houses and which sometimes reaches a foot or two in length. It is called a *tauc tau* because its cry sounds very much like dauc tau! or like a very affected person saying doctor!

A very funny story is told of one of our medical missionaries. He arrived in Rangoon and was taken to the house of another missionary and at night was awakened by hearing the most blood-curdling moans. "Oh—oh—oh—dauc tau! dauc tau! dauc tau! oh—o—o!"

He thought it was a native who could speak but broken English, and so he sprang out of bed and shouted, "Hullo! here I am, what do you want? What's the matter?" Nobody answered, so thinking the sufferer had fainted he shouted for his host who came running out of his room in a fright. The doctor declared there was somebody in mortal agony that had called him and together they made the rounds of the house, but of course in vain.

The older missionary said the doctor must have had nightmare and advised him to sleep upon his side instead of on his back, but the latter declared he was positive he had heard groans after he woke up and was just as sure somebody had called "doctor."

Suddenly through the silent house the groans rang out again. "Oh—oh—oh, dauc tau! dauc tau!" "There," cried the doctor triumphantly, "what do you make of that?

Didn't I tell you there was a sick native around somewhere ? "

The old missionary smiled a little, led the way to a big fan that was fastened upon the wall by way of decoration, moved it a little, and away went a huge lizard.

" There's your sick native, my boy," he said, pointing to the lizard, and although that happened years ago, the doctor has never heard the last of the story and probably never will.

Odds and Ends of Travel

III

THE mighty river Irawadi, running through Pagoda Land from one end to the other, is the great water highway of Burma, but I will leave the globe-trotter to describe steamer travel, as well as the railroad, for they two constitute about all he usually sees, and instead will say a little of journeys up narrow creeks, along byways in the plains, and over the jungle-covered mountains which run for several hundreds of miles through the country like a huge backbone.

To tell the truth, it generally means very hard travel when passing over these hills and mountains of Burma; the "hill and water country," as the Shan picturesquely calls his home. The Indian government has built magnificent roads in many directions; some of the finest highways I have ever seen are in Burma, and great credit is due the Department of Public Works for the engineering skill displayed in surveying and building them, but unfortunately one cannot always keep to

these government roads with their easy grades, their mile-posts, and their rest-bungalows, but has to strike out from them into the jungle where there is nothing but the old Burman paths, a very different proposition.

One can travel along these great government highways with the minimum of discomfort. The grades are usually so easy that an ox-cart can travel over them. Mile-posts along the wayside tell the traveler what distance he has covered, and bungalows in which he can sleep will be found every dozen miles or so.

Upon his arrival at a rest-bungalow the traveler is met at the compound gate by the janitor, or durwan, as he is termed, who is almost always a native of India. The durwan salaams and leads the way to the bungalow where one finds bedsteads, crockery, tables, chairs, and a punkah and a framed copy of rules—nothing is done in India without that. This bungalow and its furniture are kept up by the government for the accommodation of passengers, the vast majority of whom, of course, are officials, but the non-official European is allowed to occupy the building and use the furniture upon payment of a nominal fee,

usually one rupee for each person per day (thirty-three cents).

In a land where the hotel, save in two or three of the largest cities, is practically unknown, and where one has to carry everything he needs upon a journey, it is hard to estimate how great a convenience these good roads and rest-bungalows are. The man who invented the easy chairs found in the latter deserves to be canonized, for he did a great deal more good than many of the saints who at present adorn the calendar.

The usual mode of traveling over the hills of Burma is on pony-back. The Shan pony is a wonderful little animal and, so far as I know, for its size, is the pluckiest and hardiest sort of horse-flesh. He is small but wonderfully plucky and as sure-footed as a goat. I remember a small piebald belonging to Mrs. Mix, of our mission. I nicknamed him Barkis, because he was such a willing little beast, and although he had a heavy load to carry, he always kept in the van of the procession and would step along with a choppy, mincing gait, and keep it up too, where many another and larger pony would have given in.

Poor little Barkis once "arrived at great trouble," as the Shans put it. Mrs. Mix,

my wife, and myself were traveling through the jungle on our way to Möngnai, and as we had to cross over a wide plain and then climb a steep mountain, we thought we would save our ponies during the morning so that they would be able to help us later on when we came to scale the mountain. We were traveling along the top of a ridge beside which, every once in a while, lay a buffalo-wallow. These wallows are big holes filled with mud and water, in which buffaloes lie for hours with nothing but the tips of their horns and the ends of their noses showing above the mud. They are sometimes large enough to hold several animals at once. One of these wallows lay right across our path, and some thoughtful Shan had placed the trunk of a small tree over the chasm, forming a sort of rough bridge. For a bare-footed native, even though he might be loaded with two heavy baskets, it was as good and safe as Brooklyn bridge, but to a white man with shoes on the round trunk looked formidable, especially when one thought that a misstep would send him floundering into a mudhole the exact depth of which was mere conjecture. However, if we did not cross the bridge it would mean making a detour

of almost half a mile, so we decided to risk it, and got to the further side in safety. Then we were treated to an impromptu circus act. The boys, with my wife's pony and my own, had gone around the mud-hole and were then about a quarter of a mile away, but the boy in charge of Barkis was much too lazy to follow their example. Instead he had started to lead the pony across the bridge, and just as we reached firm ground in safety, we looked back and saw boy and pony about one-third of their way across the bridge. It was, of course, impossible to turn back then and, as Mrs. Mix put it, "we just waited for the catastrophe."

Barkis came along as easily and as daintily as though walking the tight rope was an everyday affair with him, but just as he got to the middle of the bridge a great horse-fly alighted upon him just forward of the girths. He stopped and bit at it, but that did not relieve him for, evidently forgetting where he was standing, he raised his hind foot to knock his tormentor off. I have no doubt he killed the fly, but the gymnastic feat was too much for him; he overbalanced himself and fell from the bridge into the wallow with a stupendous splash. Alas,

poor Barkis! Even as we watched he disappeared from view, and the next instant the very tip of a white nose appeared above the mud, and that was all. He floundered out upon the right side, however, shook himself, and appeared quite composed and even dignified, although in one minute he had changed from a piebald to a red pony, for, save the tip of his nose before-mentioned, he was as thoroughly covered with red mud as though he had been plastered. Bridle, saddle, everything was covered; but what poor Mrs. Mix groaned about most was the fact that her Shan bag was tied to the saddle and was, of course, filled with mud, and her toothbrush lay right at the bottom. It was a melancholy affair in very truth.

In any book upon Burma the word "zayat" frequently occurs. These zayats are really sleeping and resting-places for travelers, and are usually attached to Buddhist monasteries. They are religious buildings in so much that it is an act which gains merit to build one, and every Buddhist Lent the people "ascend the zayats," as the Shans term it, and often sleep there, this also being a meritorious act.

They are usually the simplest building

Zayat, Occupied by Doctor
Cushing, Bhamo. Page 110

possible. Imagine a floor raised a foot or two from the ground, with posts to support a roof, and you know what a zayat is. The floors and posts are usually of teak wood, although the former is sometimes made of split bamboo. The roof is either thatched or made of boards. Some zayats are highly decorated with carved work, some are mere huts, and they range all the way between.

These zayats are the hotels of Burma, that is, if it is possible to have a hotel without host, servant, attendant, or furniture. A traveler arrives at one after marching all day; the coolies throw his bed upon the floor; the cook takes the cooking utensils out of one coolie basket and the food out of another, then with the aid of a few stones he makes a cooking-place upon the ground near-by, so that the one building serves the purpose of kitchen, dining-room, parlor, and afterward bedroom as well.

As before mentioned, these zayats are usually built in a monastery compound; pagodas are near them, and upon every pagoda hangs a large number of little bells, and their ringing as the evening breeze passes by is sometimes the only notice, save the distant bark of a pariah dog in the village, that the traveler is near the end of

a long day's journey; and many a time, weary, hungry, and thirsty these sweet-sounding little bells have heralded the news that we were near rest and food. To this very day I never hear the sound of pagoda bells without thinking of Doctor Luther, for many years a missionary in our society. He used to say that their tinkle was the sweetest and yet the saddest music in the world, for it meant that a darkened soul was groping after light.

Before one commences a journey it is necessary to "call coolies." A traveler must take his bed with him, of course. This is usually a sort of comfortable, two or three inches thick, made of quilted cotton, and a blanket or two. These rolled up in a bundle and covered with a rubber sheet form half a burden, being carried at one end of a coolie stick. Food also has to be carried. Canned beef—bully beef as the Anglo-Indian has it—rice, of course, canned biscuits, canned vegetables—if you can afford such a luxury—a bottle of curry powder, a can or two of condensed milk, coffee, tea, etc. In short, everything likely to be required upon the journey must be carried, save, perhaps, paddy for the ponies and once in a while rice. The last two can

sometimes, not always, be bought at villages through which the traveler passes; the bazaar gives fruit in season, oranges and bananas being the chief, and sometimes too, one can get a few pumpkins and mustard leaves to help make curry.

In order to carry this outfit coolies are necessary. Karens, Kachins, and other mountain people carry one basket upon their backs, with a strap going across the forehead, but the Shan uses a coolie stick, which is a stout bamboo about five feet long. This coolie stick, or *kan* as it is called, is passed through the handles of two baskets which balance, one at each end; a bamboo peg is stuck in to hold them steadily when climbing up the steep mountain passes, and the coolie stick with its double burden is raised to the shoulder with one basket in front and one behind the bearer.

The amount which constitutes "custom" for a Shan coolie to carry is ten *viss*, a *viss* being a little more than three pounds, a load thus weighing about thirty-three pounds, and a coolie grumbles if he is expected to carry more than this, and very often objects to going at all; but when carrying his own goods when going to bazaar or to Lower Burma he will carry

much more, a strong coolie shouldering as much as twenty *viss*, or more than sixty-six pounds, carrying this load, it must be remembered, over mountains rising from three to nearly seven thousand feet, and that too over trails which a white man finds it difficult to climb unloaded. The coolies from just over the borders of China, where there are a large number of Shan villages, will carry even more than this, their loads sometimes being twenty-three or twenty-four *viss*.

I have many a time heard Doctor Cushing, our senior Shan missionary, say that he envied the coolie the ease with which he travels. He carries a chattie made of earthenware in which to cook his rice, he has a bag which looks like a footless hose, open at both ends, which he fills with raw rice and ties around his waist, he has one blanket to cover him at night, a little betel-nut to chew and a little tobacco to smoke, and a large sheet of coarse native paper to sleep on, the whole outfit weighing but a few pounds, and with this he starts off and marches all day long. At night he cooks his rice, spreads his paper bed upon the floor of a zayat, covers himself over head and ears with his blanket, and goes to

sleep. Next morning he folds up his sheet of paper, sticks it in his girdle, ties his rice bag around his waist, slips his long sword under his arm, together with a small bag containing his betel-nut box and his pipe, shoulders his burden, and away he goes. He starts before or soon after sunrise and travels for several hours; then he cooks his rice by the side of a stream, smokes and chews, and has a nap, then he starts again and walks till sunset. If he comes to a river which has to be forded he simply tucks his trousers up beneath his girdle and wades through; of course, he has bare feet, and in a few minutes after he has gained the farther side his legs are dry. Even if the river is so deep that the water comes up to his waist it is a small matter. His trousers become soaked, it is true, but as they are made of thin cotton cloth they soon get dry and he does not mind a little thing like that; he is used to it.

Jungle travel, although at times very hard and fatiguing, is also very interesting. After the day's march to camp out in the open jungle is, to say the least, interesting. If one cannot reach a village and sleep in a zayat it is necessary to camp out. A spot near a stream is chosen, if possible beneath

a large tree. Little huts of brushwood are hastily built by the coolies, water is drawn and rice cooked, then green bamboos are thrown upon the fire. As these bamboos burn the sap between the joints boils, and after a while explodes with a report as loud as that of a Fourth of July cannon cracker. This is done to scare away any tiger that might happen to be prowling about.

The firelight plays upon the great trees with their masses of deep black foliage; off in the jungle one hears the hoarse, discordant scream of the wild peacocks, and the call of the barking deer sounds from the deepest glades. All night long the fire burns and flickers, and never mind how often one may wake and look around there is sure to be a coolie or two moving about the fire; I have sometimes wondered how they got enough sleep.

Crossing rivers is oftentimes a great bother, especially if one starts out too soon after the rainy season, before the rivers and creeks have resumed their usual cold-weather proportions. Most of the streams have fords where one may cross upon horseback, but now and then it is necessary to swim the ponies from one bank to the other. At such places, if the road is a

much-traveled one, there is a ferry and native boats, the ferryman carrying over passengers and goods for a few *pice*, while the horses or oxen swim over. Sometimes, however, the ferryman is absent at bazaar or tending to some other business or asleep, making one think of Elijah's taunt to the priests of Baal, for certainly one can stand upon the far side of the river under such circumstances and shout and shout and shout with no better results than came to the priests on Carmel. Even the report of a revolver-shot fired in the air will not always be successful in arousing him ; then it is necessary for a coolie to swim across and commandeer the ferryman's boat, bringing it to our side, and then to ferry us over without the owner's aid. Sometimes the latter person arrives upon the scene just as we reach the end of our trip, in which case he demands toll just as though he had brought us over. He contends that the boat is his, that we ought to have waited a little longer—time is no object with a Shan, he cannot understand why the white man should always be in a hurry—and he is therefore entitled to his fee. This occasions a vast deal of discussion between the ferryman and our coolies, usually ending

in a compromise, part of the usual price being given him, and we part with mutual grumblings.

Sometimes, however, there is no ferry-boat to be had, and it is then necessary to cross upon a raft. This raft is nothing but a bundle of bamboos, not even an oar being in sight, nothing but bamboo poles, and the current is often quite swift. This condition of affairs sometimes gives rise to quite an exciting passage, but the bamboo is wonderfully buoyant, and the trip from bank to bank is usually made in perfect safety, though beds and bedding sometimes come to grief by getting a ducking during the passage.

The baggage of officials is usually carried by pack-ponies or mules or by elephants. Often too, they take with them an escort of sepoys or native-of-India soldiers, but judging from personal experience I should say that the escort is more bother than it is worth, the principal use of the sepoys being, apparently, to quarrel with the Burmans or Shans through whose country they pass; at the present time it is as safe to travel through Burma, so far as natives are concerned, as in America.

The elephant is a wonderful beast and

carries a heavy load, but it is not nearly so tough as a pack-mule or pony and requires more looking after. There is a strange antipathy between elephants and ponies—the elephant scares the pony and the pony the elephant. I remember once while riding through a thick jungle in the Southern Shan States that I suddenly almost rode into a big elephant that had been coming toward me but had been hidden by a turn in the path. He was loaded with trunks and boxes of different kinds belonging to the general commanding the district, who was upon a tour of inspection and had that day left the fort to which I was riding.

I shouted a warning to the mahout or driver, but before he could do anything the elephant, thoroughly scared at my sudden appearance, whirled around faster than it seemed possible for so huge a beast to turn and darted off full speed through the jungle, bearing down brushwood and small trees as he ran and blazing his path by shedding boxes at every few yards. At least one case of wine reached a destination never intended for it, and I have often wondered what the general said that night when the elephant reached camp and he saw what condition his kit was in.

In his way the Shan pack-bullock is as unique an animal as the Shan pony. He is strong and, if slow, covers a good many miles as a day's march and carries a heavy load. Salt, *ngapi*, manufactured goods from Germany and England, and American kerosine oil go over the mountains to Shan country carried by oxen, and peanuts, rice, and other grain are brought into Burma by the same means.

In the old days, during the rule of the Burman kings, several caravans traveled together and the drivers were armed to the teeth to protect themselves from highwaymen and the savage tribes that infested the hills and gained a livelihood—a good one too—by robbing Shan caravans. The older drivers tell stories of regular battles, though these were probably very rare. The native of Burma, of whatever race he might belong to, does not fight that way. He likes to ambush his enemy and shoot him from behind without bringing any undue risk or danger upon himself.

In those days the owners of caravans had to pay taxes to every petty chief through whose territories they passed. The "lord of the oxen," if he hailed from the Southern Shan States, usually reckoned

upon making three journeys a year. The first and part of the second paid for the taxes levied upon him during the year; the balance of trip number two paid for the wear and tear of his cattle, etc., and the third was his profit.

Now, however, since English rule has come, the dues have been done away with; roads are much improved so that the wear and tear has been much reduced; the highwaymen have been driven away and the fierce hill tribes awed into subjection, so that these are happy days for the Shan ox-owner, far different from those his father knew or he himself, for that matter, if he has been in business for twenty years, and he gains a substantial profit upon each trip instead of upon one only.

The equipment of a pack-bullock is simple in the extreme. He carries a large basket upon either side. About one-third from the top of the basket is a hole upon each side and a strong stick is passed through them so that they hang upon either end. A couple of cushions are placed upon the back of the bullock and these prevent galling from both baskets and stick. A band of leather or woven rattan passes over the chest to keep the baskets from slipping off

when going up hill and a crupper serves the same purpose when going down hill, and that is all. But in spite of its simplicity it answers its purpose admirably and the baskets and their contents usually reach their destination in safety and without a tumble save when the oxen are frightened —they are easily driven into a panic—and when that happens they dash off into the jungle like the general's elephant and their burdens twist and speedily fall to the ground or are torn off by the branches of trees or underbrush.

At night the caravan is collected. Two bullock-men approach an animal and, putting their shoulders beneath the ends of the stick which protrude a foot upon either side, lift the burden up an inch or two, at the same time unfastening the crupper. The bullock lowers its head and backs out, leaving its burden resting upon the men's shoulders. The baskets are lowered to the ground ; the two cushions, wet with sweat, are placed upon top of them to get dry, and the bullock wanders off into the jungle to get his supper.

The halts are made at regular resting-places, where caravans have stopped from time immemorial. Here the ground is

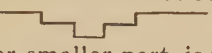
studded with short, stout bamboo pegs, and at evening, when the bullocks return from their foraging, each one in turn is tied by a rope to one of these pegs to prevent his straying away during the night and thus furnishing a meal to a hungry tiger. The men make little booths or huts by sticking four sticks into the ground, tying cross pieces to them and covering the top with brushwood. They crawl into these shelters after lighting a big fire, at which one man keeps guard all night.

There is one bad point about these ox caravans, however, and that is they sometimes play havoc with jungle roads. It is custom to travel during the cold and hot seasons, as I think I have before mentioned, but sometimes the temptation to make an extra journey is too great to be resisted and the "lord of the oxen" decides to risk getting back before the rains begin and traveling is made impossible for some months. The result is that the caravan sometimes gets caught by the rains and has to travel over a road made soft as mush, with a mudhole every few yards to vary the monotony. The oxen, heavily laden, go plodding on. At each step they make they sink over their hoofs in soft soil or mud. Ox after

ox passes, each sinking a little deeper than the one he followed, till at last deep ruts are formed running across and across the road, from one side clear to the other, about a foot or eighteen inches apart. After the rains are over the sun bakes the road dry, so that when the next cold season comes the whole pathway for miles looks like a corduroy road, only instead of the trunks of trees the earth itself has become ridged.

As oxen are short-steppers, these ridges, as before stated, are about eighteen inches apart, while the ruts between them are sometimes a foot deep, so that when a pony passes over such a road he has either to place his feet laboriously at the bottom of each rut, making slow, hard work of it, or he has to mince along, stepping from ridge to ridge like a circus horse walking upon casks, with the chance of slipping down a deep ridge into the rut and spraining his ankle or knee, something that happens not unfrequently.

Some of the roads over which these caravans wend their way season after season are very old. For hundreds of years such caravans have been in the habit of passing over them. A curious proof of this is found in some of the mountains where the passes

are narrow. These hills are often composed of sandstone, and tracks, just wide enough for a loaded ox to pass, have been worn into the solid rock itself. These tracks are  shaped. The bottom, or smaller part, is where the ox walks, while his baskets have, in course of time, worn a path upon either side of him. I once measured one of these tracks and found that the baskets had cut their way through a foot and a half of rock. How long it took may be conjectured, but it must have been a great while.

In the Bhamo district the Chinese caravan is seen as often as the Shan. Instead of bullocks they have mules or very small ponies. Poor things! They are very different from the plump, contented-looking pack-bullocks. A Chinaman is without mercy and loads his mules with just as much as they can stagger under. Cotton is a favorite load. It comes from Myingyan by steamer and mules then carry it into China, Bhamo being the place where it is transferred from river steamer to caravan. If one takes a side view of a mule loaded with cotton all that can be seen is a nose in front and four, usually crooked, legs beneath, the rest of the animal being com-

pletely covered and hidden from view by an immense bundle of cotton upon either side. The pack-saddles are very often badly padded and this causes great sores, several—each as large as a man's hand—being frequently seen upon the back of one mule, but such a state of affairs does not worry the Chinaman ; he loads his mules and drives them, sores or no sores.

The leading mule of a caravan is often fantastically decorated. Huge rosettes of red cotton adorn his halter, while a red flag with a great, black character painted upon it is thrust through each bundle of cotton. Could the mule be gifted with the power that Balaam's mount had, however, he would surely say he would prefer a little less rosette and a little better pack-saddle.

To see a Chinaman start out on a journey is an awe-inspiring sight. His pony is saddled, of course. Then a blanket is strapped above it ; then a bed is fastened on top of the blanket ; then come divers suits of clothes which will be required upon the journey and are laid layer upon layer ; then last of all another blanket or two is tied on top of all, making the whole concern a foot or two thick. Upon this the Chinaman, with his whip tied to his wrist,

and his head roofed over with a hat as big as a fair-sized parasol, climbs cautiously and slowly till he mounts the summit, then he sticks his heels, not his toes, into huge rattan stirrups which are often but a few inches below the level of his horse's back, and rides slowly off, looking like a man riding upon the top of a miniature haystack gifted with locomotive powers. If Chinese mules were not the most patient animals in the universe, John would get a spill every few yards, but fortunately for him—the Chinaman, that is, not the mule—the latter jogs along and nothing save an earthquake or a locomotive could discompose him.

While speaking of the subject of travel it would not be fair to leave out the Burman ox-cart, for in Lower Burma, with the exception of the rivers and the railroads, the ox-cart is the most popular agent for carrying goods. It is used almost exclusively in transporting goods in cities, and in the jungle, upon the plains, or over graded cart-roads upon the mountains it is the cheapest way to take goods from one place to another. The ox-cart is not a thing of beauty, but what it lacks on the score of good looks it more than makes up in usefulness, and if

the old saw, "Handsome is that handsome does" is true, then, without any doubt, it is good-looking as well.

It may be well to say first what an ox-cart has not. It has no springs, it has no iron in its construction except the tires and the boxes of the wheels, nay, it is not so very long ago that there was no iron even in the wheels which were then solid. Fourteen years ago, when I made my first trip to Upper Burma, a large percentage of carts still had solid, tireless wheels, but these have now practically all disappeared and are at present seen in remote districts only. The axle of the ox-cart is made of wood and the body rests squarely upon it, so that if one has to pass over a road in which there are many ruts he should not choose an ox-cart as a conveyance; still, upon smooth roads there are many worse modes of traveling.

In shape the ox-cart resembles roughly a capital V. The angle is in front where it joins the yoke which it crosses at right angles. This yoke is merely a round piece of wood with two pegs at each end running through it, one on each side of the neck of each ox. The bottom or floor of the cart is usually made of stout strips of bamboo

fastened firmly together with rattan. Strong, heavy pegs of wood bind the cart to the axle while the yoke is joined to the front of the cart with rawhide. This is put on green and when dry makes, as might be expected, an exceedingly strong joint. A low railing runs along each side of the body and a cover of bamboo matting is sometimes arched overhead as a protection against sun or rain.

A team of two oxen is used in drawing these carts. There is practically no harness unless the yoke and pegs should be so called. The Burman ox, like his relative in India, has a large hump upon his shoulders and it is before this hump that the yoke rests, in fact, I am not sure that the yoke has not caused this hump, for the ox has been a beast of burden from time immemorial in the East. There is a rope which passes beneath the neck of each ox, but no weight, of course, comes upon that. A hole is bored in the nostril of a draft ox and through this a loop of cord is passed which is carried up and fastened behind the horns. A single rein is tied to this but it is not much used in driving, the driver depending mostly upon his stick to guide his team. It is wonderful what loads these carts will

carry and over what roads the patient bullocks will draw them.

The government roads make the life of an ox much easier than it was during the old Burmese times, but when one travels in the jungle proper he is, to all intents and purposes, so far as roads are concerned, back in pre-British times. These jungle roads are simply tracks which wind along, twisting and turning, as though the man who first made the way was drunk and did not know where his oxen were taking him. Often one comes to a nullah, or dry bed of a stream, the sides of which are very steep. Should a person new to the country look at the path crossing such a place it would seem impossible to go to the other side with a loaded cart. The Burman thinks differently, however. He holds his lines firmly in one hand and with the other flourishes a stick and yells at the top of his voice. He is aided by every onlooker too, for everybody that happens to be near at the time joins in to help make a regular chorus of yells.

Down plunge the oxen as though nothing on earth could prevent their falling upon their noses and turning complete somersaults; but although the ox is a clumsy-

looking beast he is really very sure-footed. Down they rush with a tremendous clatter; the cart jolts and jumps and bumps and is almost lost sight of amidst the clouds of dust raised by the heels of the oxen. It is a miracle that goods and passengers are not thrown out in a heap, but they very rarely are, and in the vast majority of cases reach the top of the farther bank in safety, even though well shaken-up during the passage. The impetus gained by the descent carries them half-way up the other bank; then comes the strain to finish the other half. The yells increase; the driver shouts and gesticulates like a maniac; the oxen get their heads down till their noses are but an inch or two from the ground and heave and strain as up, up, up they go till a final shout of triumph from the driver tells that the top has been reached.

The Burman is usually very kind to his oxen and feeds them well, so that they look fat, sleek, and in good condition. It is always easy to tell when a pair of oxen belongs to a native of India. In the latter case they are almost always thin, and what is even a surer sign, their tails are crooked. This is caused by a very cruel habit which the native of India has always, but the

Burman very rarely indeed. Instead of striking his oxen to urge them forward, the native of India seizes their tails and twists them, thus causing great pain. Sometimes the joints are dislocated, which makes the tails hang crookedly and I have even known the bones to injure the nerve so that gangrene takes place, the end of the tail falling off and leaving nothing but a stump behind. "The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty."

I have heard, but cannot vouch for its truth, that some Burmans believe that if they are cruel to their oxen, in some future birth their positions will be reversed; the man will be an ox and the ox will be a man, and that coming together the former animal will "take it out" of his former master with interest. It makes a good fable if nothing more.

Travel in Burma is now generally of the humdrum order. In the old days "before the war," when the country swarmed with organized bands of robbers whose custom was to ambush travelers and shoot at them from behind, the opposite was the case; but still, even now, there is sometimes a spice of danger, once in a while a good deal.

Some ten years ago I was called to see a

young British officer at the fort at Bampone, about a dozen miles from Möngnai, where I was stationed at that time. The officer's servant came to say that his master was very sick, so off I set post-haste to see what the trouble was. It was necessary to return that night, however, and as it was afternoon before I started, I did not stay at the fort very long, as I wished to get back to the mission house before dark. On the return trip my pony went lame, and to my sorrow night fell while I was leading him by the bridle four miles from home.

The cause of my anxiety was the fact that a young elephant, not properly trained, had broken away from one of the mahouts in the service of the saubwa (native prince), and had developed into a regular rogue. He had taken up his residence in a wood a short distance from one of the city gates, and had inaugurated a reign of terror. He chased coolies bringing goods into the bazaar in broad daylight, and when they threw their baskets upon the ground in their panic the elephant would coolly rifle them of their contents; what was good to eat he ate and what he could not dispose of in this way he destroyed, trampling it under foot or tearing it with his tusks and trunk. He had

already killed seven men, but the saubwa would not have him killed, hoping later on to catch him, which I may say he afterwards did. Pending this happy termination of affairs people lived in danger of their lives.

Fortunately, before he went off on his rampage, a wooden bell had been fastened around his neck, and this gave a little warning of his approach during daylight, but at night while engaged in his favorite pastime of stripping gardens it was difficult, even when the bell was heard, to place him exactly. He had made our side of the city his "stamping-ground" too—worse luck—a stamping-ground in more senses than one, and as it was necessary for me to cross over a mile of foothills which lay between the mission house and the last range of mountains, and as I was liable to meet the rogue at any moment, it was a very uncomfortable feeling to experience.

Had he happened to be around that night this book would certainly never have been written, and another mound of "missionary dust" would have been raised in Burma, for it would have been impossible to escape. Fortunately, after what seemed to me one of the longest journeys I ever made, I heard the tinkle, tinkle of the pagoda bells, sure

signal that the city was at hand, and in a few moments entered the mission compound.

I recall another unpleasant night journey that I once took. One evening word was brought to me that my little girl, just one year old, and then staying with her mother upon the mountains, was very sick, in fact was unconscious when the messenger left. It was just getting dark when the letter arrived; the house where the child was, stood upon the top of a mountain more than four thousand feet above the Bhamo plain and thirty-nine miles away. I had a pony, of course, but as there was no moon it was necessary to have a light and somebody to carry it, as it would be impossible to travel along narrow jungle paths without one.

I found a Kachin guide and set out, not without a good deal of argument, however. The Kachin objected to travel at night, but when he found the usual argument of "to-morrow will do just as well as to-day" was not strong enough to prevent my starting, he said that several tigers had taken up their abode in the jungle through which we would have to pass and that he was afraid to go. I pulled out a big forty-five Colt

and asked him if that would not fix anything we were likely to meet that night, and so after a good deal more talk we at last set out. One great inducement that I offered was the paying of an amount equal to six days' wages for that one night's work, and as that meant enough money to keep him in idleness for a month at least, it was well worth a little risk.

We had not traveled very far before my pony went lame, so there was nothing to do but get off and lead him. It was quite uncanny. Soon after we struck the foot of the mountains my guide pulled out his long sword and held it naked in his hand. Just why he did so would be hard to say, for it would be a very small tiger indeed that would be overawed by a Kachin sword. He begged me too, to carry my revolver in my hand, which I did, more to please him than anything else, for a revolver, save in the hands of a very skilful shot—something I am very far from being—is of little use against a tiger, which is a yellow and black streak of lightning when it springs upon its prey, and a man might be thrown down and carried off into the jungle dead with a pistol in each hand.

Then the pony got frightened. He stood

still and refused to budge; then suddenly he lowered his head and tried to bolt, and if I had not taken the precaution to get a good grip upon the reins would have dashed off headlong down the hillside before one could count ten. This frightened the Kachin still more. He knew a little Shan, so that I was able to talk with him, and in a frightened whisper he said, "That horse smells a tiger, we shall be killed and eaten sure," then he walked just as close to me as I would allow, one of the most thoroughly scared men I have ever seen. Fear is contagious too, and although I laughed at my guide and soothed the pony, yet when I heard a tremendous crash and then a rush through the jungle, while I knew it was nothing but a frightened deer, to my excited fancy it sounded as though it must have been caused by an elephant at the very least.

We pushed on till we had covered more than twenty miles and had climbed a couple of thousand feet, then the guide gave out and said he could march no more without sleep. I was weary too, but too anxious to rest, let alone sleep, so I said I would mount guard and he could take a nap for fifteen minutes and we would then push on

again. He forthwith laid himself upon the path just where he was, with his head upon his folded arms, and was asleep in ten seconds; but if he fell asleep easily he made up for it in the difficulty of waking up, for I shouted and shook, shook and shouted, till at last I managed to get some sense into his head. He grumbled a great deal at the shortness of his nap, declared his feet were so sore that he could not walk, and so forth and so forth, but finally consented to rise and we set off once more, the threat that I would go forward and leave him alone being the chief argument to get him upon his feet once more.

We had not gone more than a mile or two when we saw a light a little bit ahead, and upon getting closer discovered it to be a Kachin camp. This was the last straw to my guide; he just simply said he would go no further if I offered him three times the amount I had. He wedged himself in between two fellow-countrymen who had made their beds upon a heap of dry grass, and I saw it would be necessary to travel the balance of the journey without him. By this time, however, the road was much more open. It did not lie through the dense jungle as it had for so many miles,

but over hillsides which had been burned by Kachins when making paddy fields, but best of all there was a little gray light toward the East which showed that daylight was not very far off, so I left him behind and finished the journey alone, and arrived at the end of my march at about ten o'clock in the morning. This was, I think, the most unpleasant short trip I ever made.

In 1891 Doctor Cushing, Mrs. Mix, my wife, and myself went to Möngnai in the Southern Shan States to open up mission work there, and after a short time Mrs. Mix and Doctor Cushing returned to Lower Burma leaving us to hold the fort alone.

Everything went well for a few months and then my wife was taken sick with an attack of appendicitis, and it became necessary to carry her to the railroad and afterward take her home to America. It was a terrible journey, such a one as I pray I may never again have to take. It was in the middle of the rains; for days together it rained incessantly, and the wet clothes taken off at night and hung up to dry above a smoky fire, were soaked again a few minutes after the start from the zayat next morning. A rubber sheet had been fas-

tened over the stretcher in which my wife was carried and, thanks to this, she was the only person who could boast of a dry thread at the end of each day's march.

Often it was impossible to carry the stretcher along the usual paths—they were not wide enough—and so we had to chop our way through the jungle, sometimes not covering more than a mile after four or five hours' hard work; sometimes we had to wade up streams knee or waist-deep, which had taken the place of the dry beds over which one would travel in comfort during the dry season. The villagers were busy in their paddy-fields and did not want to leave their work to carry the stretcher from village to village, and ran away unless closely watched.

At last to our great joy, mine I ought rather to say, for Mrs. Griggs was unconscious a great part of the time, the tops of the houses at Fort Stedman appeared, and we entered the compound of the rest-bungalow. We had left our cook beside a hedge by the roadside, dead drunk, several days before; the *syce* had also disappeared; we were wet, dirty, and almost exhausted, but the ladies of the regiment stationed there acted the part of the good Samaritan to us;

they sent their servants to cook for us; and, in short, put us under a debt of gratitude we shall never be able to repay.

Bright and early next morning we started out along a broad government road with eight coolies carrying my wife, and others to carry the provisions and other necessaries, all under contract to go to the railroad with us. But our trials were not all over yet. There is a stretch of country to be traveled between Fort Stedman and Thazi, where one strikes the railroad, which at that time was absolutely without a habitation for three days' journey, save for the rest-bungalows every dozen miles. When we had traversed half of this distance and were four or five miles from the next bungalow and two days from the nearest village, the coolies who had been grumbling for some days, suddenly went on strike. They set the stretcher in the middle of the road and coolly said they would go no farther. I told them that it was a case of life and death; that my wife must get home or she would die; but it made no difference, they said they were tired and would carry no farther—not one single step.

Then I got angry, and I think such anger would be entered by the recording angel

under the "and sin not" column. Stepping into the middle of the road between the coolies and Fort Stedman I drew my revolver, the same old Colt that years afterward comforted the heart of the Kachin guide before-mentioned, and said:

"Now, see here. Last night I showed you how this weapon shoots. You saw the hole the bullet made right through the trunk of a small tree. Now run, all of you, but six will never reach home. Which one will be the first?"

They looked at the muzzle of that gun and, I suppose, seeing that I meant business quickly decided it would be policy to pick up that stretcher again and move on, and for the balance of the day's journey I marched in the rear carrying the cocked revolver in my hand.

So far so well, but after getting to the rest-bungalow, the Burmese Bible-woman who helped the Karen nurse look after my wife came to me and said:

"*Saya*, the coolies have been talking in Burmese; they did not know that I could understand them, and so I listened. They said they were afraid to run away in the daytime for they felt sure you would do as you said and shoot them, but they intend

running off in the middle of the night, and as you do not know their names nobody at the prince's court would be able to punish them for breaking their contract and leaving you in the lurch."

Here, then, was a dilemma indeed. Two days away from the nearest village and every coolie with plans laid to desert us. I walked out of the compound and down the road a little to think it over by myself. At any other time I would have enjoyed the view, which was magnificent. Great mountains hemmed us in upon every hand, their sides covered with trees from top to bottom; the setting sun lit up a great valley hundreds of feet below, and painted the sky above us a thousand colors, but I was too worried and anxious to care about the beauties of the scenery; in fact, I was at my wits' end. I could not march all day and sit up all night to watch the coolies; what was I to do?

The evening breezes shook the leaves upon the trees and hummed through the telegraph wires which followed the road from the plain to Fort Stedman, now far, far to our rear, and as I heard the sound, quick as a flash along the wires a plan shot into my mind.

I hurried back to the bungalow and called the coolies. They came, sullen at being defeated in their plans, and yet at the same time I thought I could detect a gleam in their eyes which showed they were confident, even then, of getting their own way. I had placed my pistol upon the table before calling them, and pointing to it, I said:

"Listen. You threatened to run away to-day although you have signed an agreement to carry my wife to the railroad. You know what Shan custom is; two men sometimes carry a sick friend or at most four, but in order to make it easy for you I have called eight of you. You know too, that the English governor will punish you if your prince does not, should he hear the report that you deserted me in this out-of-the-way place. Now listen carefully. In the daytime you dare not run away, but this woman here is a Burman and she understood what you said in Burmese just now."

The men looked at each other sheepishly at this but made no reply.

"Now, look here," I exclaimed, pointing out of the door. "What do you see there?"

"That is a telegraph wire," one of them replied.

"How long does it take to send a message along that wire?" I demanded.

"Why, not a second," the same replied.

Now I had counted upon their knowing this much and also upon their ignorance of the fact that a person could not send a message along the wire save from a telegraph station and I found I was right. The coolies thought that I could "shin" up a telegraph pole and presto! the news would be at the governor's house at Fort Stedman immediately. It was an unusual specimen of the little knowledge again.

"Very well, then," said I, with all the dignity I could summon up to my aid, "run away if you wish to-night when it is dark; I shall not sit up to watch you; but let me give you a little advice: don't return to your homes, the order to have you arrested will be there ahead of you. You know what that means. Now go and think over it."

I saw a twinkle in the eye of the Bible-woman, but she was loyal and kept silent, although I must acknowledge when I saw the effect of my "bluff," and how dejectedly the men filed out of the room, it was

hard work to keep a straight face. It was enough, however; bluff though it was, it worked, and next morning the coolies were up bright and early; they made better time that day than upon any other previous day and I did not have to even hint at force, but several times during the march I saw them glance up at that little strand of wire and then say something to each other. I do not doubt but what they thought the white foreigner a wonderful man. As for myself, I said nothing; I merely smiled, a good, big, broad smile—not a bit smaller or narrower because I dared not show it upon my face—it was inside.

One of the most unpleasant experiences a traveler can have is to get his bed and bedding wet. A "jungle-bed" is really a thick cotton comfortable, and it, together with blankets, each morning is rolled up in a rubber sheet before starting, and although the fogs upon the Shan hills are very heavy and soak one's clothing like a mild shower of rain, yet if the rubber sheet is properly tied, the bedding inside remains dry. Sometimes, however, in crossing a stream the coolie carrying your bed makes a misstep or goes into a hole, carrying the bed with

him ; then no rubber sheet will keep out the water, and you arrive at the end of a long day's march with the prospect of at least a damp bed to sleep on.

The coolies light a big fire and the things are spread around to dry, but a great deal of dirt and smoke go along with a small amount of heat, so that your bed is always made dirty, often scorched in places and wet elsewhere—an uncomfortable sort of patchwork.

I remember spending one night under the floor of an old bungalow. Some reader may, perhaps, wonder why we went under the floor. Well, the reason was there was no roof to the bungalow, and as clouds, big, black, and threatening, were coming up rapidly, we made up our minds to crawl under the floor, hoping that it would afford us at least a little protection. The bungalow was made of bamboos, but the white ants and "borers" had worked industriously at it ; the wind had blown off the thatch roof, and every post stood at a different angle. The floor was about three feet above the ground upon which we spread our beds. It—the floor—was made of split bamboos, and when the rain came protected us as much as a great sieve. We—the

missionaries—covered ourselves with our rubber blankets, while the coolies squatted together beneath their big hats and covered themselves as well as they could with their thin cotton blankets.

I was so dead-tired with the day's march that not even the rain could keep me awake the whole night, but I frequently woke up after dreaming that I was a boy once more and my companions were covering me with sand, to find that the water had collected in all the little hollows of my rubber sheet and weighed several pounds at least. A movement was sufficient to change that state of affairs, fortunately.

The next morning we could all truthfully say we were drenched to the skin. Everything we owned was soaked through and through except the cooking-pots, and they were wet both sides—inside and out; but a few hours' march and a few hours' sunshine dried everything, and not a soul became sick.

One thing that makes traveling upon the mountains hard is the fact that the temperature takes very sudden changes. I have frequently started out of a morning when it has been so cold that there was a slight white frost upon the grass, which would be

loaded with moisture as cold as ice-water—this would be upon the top of a mountain; we would descend to the valley and here it would be uncomfortably warm, so warm that the thin coat of khaki would feel a little too much for comfort, while an overcoat had been none too heavy early that morning before daylight. This, as a friend at home once said, "was enough to wear out a thermometer." It tends to wear out the missionary as well.

The intensity of the cold upon these mountains cannot be gauged by a thermometer, either, for the air is so damp that it feels much colder than the same degree at home. The sudden changes of cold to heat and back again to cold all in one day's experience is much harder to bear than a steady heat or a steady cold. Many a time upon the mountains I have worn a heavy overcoat and yet felt cold, and yet the coolies carrying my bed and provisions have been clothed in but two garments, trousers and jacket, made out of cotton, with sometimes a cotton blanket, no larger than a good-sized shawl at home and not half so warm, to cover them at night. Thus dressed and without shoes they would march through grass laden with white frost and beneath trees

dropping water as cold as the frost. How they stood it was a mystery to me, and yet they did not appear to suffer much more than I did.

Under such circumstances it is easy to understand the admiration which our thick woolen clothes caused among these half-naked Shan coolies. They gazed enviously at my sweater, thick and warm, as well as the long overcoat I wore, and above all at the thick woolen blankets that covered us at night. One and all they declared they were the most "handsome" things they had ever seen; in fact they had never imagined it possible to make such warm, beautiful blankets. What lucky, fortunate people we were to possess them!

It must be understood that these changes of temperature happen upon the mountains. White frost is never, of course, seen upon the plains, where it is never so cold as upon the hills, and I often congratulate myself that my work does not now carry me into the "hill and water country" as the Shan calls his home.

And yet many of the sights upon the hills are so beautiful that they more than counterbalance the inconveniences suffered. The fogs, so cold and damp, are at the same

time often very beautiful. Starting soon after daylight on a cheerless morning and marching after shivering coolies through long, damp grass, often waist-high, is not very exhilarating; it feels like walking, as it is, in fact, through the clouds, but as the sun gains power the mist-clouds upon the very tops of the mountains lift, and one can see peak above peak and peak beyond peak, rising out of what looks like pure white snow. The bottoms of the mountains and the valleys are filled up with white masses and billows of mist; then slowly the clouds disperse and the beautiful valleys appear and disappear as the mist rises or is blown about hither and thither by the wind; sometimes whole seas of clouds are rolled and tumbled about, hiding and then disclosing a panorama too beautiful to be described in words.

How would you like to drink out of a cup five feet long? That is what you might have to do were you to take a trip to the hills of Burma. These—what should they be called? Well, these water-carrying utensils are made out of large bamboos. One is cut down and five feet or so of the largest end is cut off; the knots inside are

broken down and the cup, bucket, or pipe, whichever the reader chooses to call it, is ready for use.

I remember very well the first time I saw one. It was evening and we were nearing the end of our day's march, when I heard a great whooping and shouting, and a dozen small boys from a monastery school near-by dashed across the path. Each one carried a section of bamboo upon his shoulder and was making his way towards the river. My companion at that time was an Englishman, an old pensioner, who had lived in Burma many years and had once been a soldier in the British army, and as he seemed to know most everything about the country, I asked him what the boys were doing with those bamboos.

"They are going to fetch water for the monastery," he replied.

Then I watched them fill their bamboos at the river and return, much slower this time, for their loads were heavy. As they neared us they stopped to look at us, as much interested in us as I was in them, and Wright—my companion—calling to one of the boys, said he was thirsty and would like a drink.

The youngster—he had two bamboos by

the way—propped one against the trunk of a tree and taking hold of the middle of the other tilted it, and Wright, putting one end to his mouth, took a good, long pull, afterwards declaring it was the best drink he had had for days.

I was very thirsty too, and the sound of the water gurgling in the long bamboo sounded very tempting, so I took my friend's place and imitated him as well as I was able. I tilted the bamboo as I had seen him do but no water would come; I tilted still more but although I could hear the water inside gurgling away I could not coax out a single drop.

"Be careful!" cried Wright, "the water sometimes comes with a rush when it does come," so more carefully than ever I tilted the bamboo just a little wee bit more. Then I got my drink, a whole bucketful, but outside instead of inside, and I jumped away from the treacherous bamboo wet to the waist. I fought shy of bamboo-joints after that for a good while, but at last got so used to them that I was able to drink without taking a bath at the same time.

So much space has been used in telling of hill travel that the river and river travel run a great chance of being left out alto-

gether. In some ways river travel is the easiest kind ; certainly it is the laziest for the passenger who has nothing to do but sit still and be poled along the bank if one is going up-stream ; while coming with the current, nothing is done by the boatman either, save keeping the boat head-on, allowing it to be carried along at a rate which varies with the seasons of the year.

The Burman is a born waterman. He learns to swim almost as soon as he learns to walk, and is expert and fearless. In handling boats too, he is graceful as well as skilful. He paddles his boat sitting or standing, with his face toward his destination ; exactly opposite to our method of handling anything save a canoe.

Burman boats vary in size, from those that are so narrow that as a man once told me, "he had to part his hair in the middle for fear he would overbalance the boat," all the way up to a vessel which rejoices in a sail and is four or five feet across.

Although these larger boats have sails yet they are rarely used, the Burman depending upon his pole. This is a long bamboo —almost everything else in Burma is a bamboo—and is thrust into the river bank, the man standing in the bow of his boat.

The boatman seizes the other end of the pole, places it against his shoulder and commences to walk aft, thus forcing the boat in the opposite direction just as fast as he walks.

Cotton boats are larger than the general run. They take the cotton from the river steamers and carry it up the Tai Ping River and other small creeks. This makes a very heavy load, and to meet this emergency two boats are firmly lashed together, a deck is placed over all and the cotton loaded upon it from gunwale to gunwale. A dozen polers are sometimes required to drive such a vessel up-stream. The way this is done is unique. There is no room upon the deck of the boat itself, so a narrow platform of bamboos, the entire length of the boat, is fastened outside upon a level with the deck. The polers take up their station at the bow end of this platform, standing as closely to each other as possible, then every man puts his pole in the mud and they all walk aft just like a single man while the boat slowly takes it way up the river, following every twist and turn of the bank.

There are also boat-houses in which whole families live. These are sometimes

made of two boats with a floor laid upon them; sometimes bamboos support the house which otherwise much resembles an ordinary land house.

A very common sight upon the river is a raft. Sometimes these are composed of teak logs, sometimes of a great many bundles of bamboos. These are guided on their voyage down river by great sweeps, but as the current is very sluggish the rate of speed is, of course, very slow. A small hut is built at one end for the accommodation of the raftmen, and in it they cook, eat, and sleep. These bamboo rafts often start far up the river and come slowly down, taking weeks to make the journey, till they reach Lower Burma where the bamboo is sold, the crew returning by steamer or train.

A Few Mistakes

IV

THE easiest thing in the world is to make a mistake," even in America. There is no word in English which signifies easier than the easiest, unfortunately ; if there were I would use it when speaking of the ease with which one makes mistakes in Burma. Certainly " they are worse and more of them."

Some mistakes which a man makes, especially during the first year or two in the country, are only ludicrous, and one oftentimes laughs at them afterward as though the joke had been at somebody's else expense ; some mistakes, upon the other hand, prove very embarrassing, nay, they may even do a lot of harm before they are corrected. Fortunately, however, the vast majority can be classed under the kind first mentioned and produce nothing worse than a laugh or a passing mortification.

At first the most numerous mistakes arise from an imperfect knowledge of the language of the country. Shan, for instance, is a tonal language, so that the same

word may mean a most surprising, and at the same time puzzling number of things, each being represented by a different tone; so that, as there are five tones and some of these tones are further divided into the closed, the open, and the intermediate sound—though not all, fortunately—a person may get the right word, and yet his chances are fifteen to one against getting the right tone. Of course the sense and context often show the native what the missionary ought to have said but did not. For instance, *mah* means a horse, a dog, the shoulder, to be mad, or to come, according to the tone you use—or ought to use.

It is said that the wife of one of our Shan missionaries for a long time always called out "dog, dog, dog," instead of "come, come, come!"

The difference in Shan between a physician and a tobacco-pipe is not much; it is merely a tone, the same word does duty for both. I have more than once heard a man read of the wife of Jesus Christ instead of the mother. There is nothing in the written word to show which is meant although in speaking there is a considerable difference; often the context here would not help matters either.

Soon after I reached Möngnai, in the Southern Shan States, I received word from home that a box of seeds was on its way from America. The *sau pa* (native prince) had quite a nice garden, of which he was very proud, and knowing how pleased he would be to get some American seeds, I called a preacher and told him to go to the *hau* (palace) and let the *sau pa* know the seeds were coming and that I would give him some directly they arrived. I saw the preacher looked rather surprised, but he said he would go.

"You can tell him," I added, as he went out of the door, "that when they come I will show him how to plant them."

The man looked astounded, and repeated after me, "Plant them?"

"Yes, plant them," I cried, "what else would you do with seeds? Don't you always plant seeds?"

"Why, no," he replied slowly, "they will rust."

It was now my turn to look surprised and I saw there was a misunderstanding somewhere. "Plant them," repeated the preacher to himself; then a smile broke over his face, he nodded and said, "You mean little round things which we plant in

the ground and which afterward grow and become flowers, don't you ?"

"Of course I do," I replied, "that is what I have been telling you for the last five minutes."

The smile on the old man's face deepened into a broad grin ; then he shook his head, and said, "No, teacher, you did not say seeds, you said this," and he pointed to a knife in his girdle. No wonder he was surprised to be told that I was going to give some knives to the *sau pa*, and still more when told he was to plant them in the ground.

At another time I gravely told some Shans that in our country in the cold season I had often seen a foot or two of raw native sugar upon the ground everywhere as far as the eye could reach.

"Where did it come from ?" asked one of the listeners.

"Why, it falls from the clouds just as rain falls here," I replied. The men gasped in astonishment and I smiled at their wonder.

The same old preacher was sitting at my side ; he coughed a little apologetic cough and then said :

"The teacher makes a slight mistake.

He does not mean raw sugar, he means snow."

Then I laughed, but I was glad the old preacher happened to be there because the visitors were men from the city who frequently came to the meetings, and at some time the story of Ananias might perchance be told in their hearing, and they might then remember my sugar story and wonder why the same fate had not overtaken me.

Burmese is, to a certain extent, a tonal language also, as it has accents—the long and the short as they are called—but these accents are not so pronounced, nor are there so many of them, as in Shan, and yet the unwary are very likely to make foolish mistakes too. To this very day I do not know the difference between a monastery and a cat; one is and the other isn't, but which it is I can never tell.

The Burmese word for carriage is *ya tah;* for fire, *me;* and when Doctor Judson translated the Bible, he called the chariot of fire that took the prophet Elijah to heaven a *me ya tah*. When locomotives were introduced into Burma there was, of course, no word for them, and so one had to be coined, and the steam-engine is called a fire-carriage, a *me ya tah*, so that a few years ago

when the International Sunday-school lessons were taken from the Old Testament and the story of Elijah came around, it was necessary to explain to some of the Sunday-school scholars that the great prophet did not go to heaven in a railroad train, as some of them naturally supposed. In fact, one small boy asked the teacher "how they fixed the tracks!"

What I consider the most remarkable specimen of exegesis I have ever heard came from the lips of an old Shan man one Sunday afternoon. He was preaching, and took for his subject the account of the sheet let down from heaven as Peter saw it in his dream. In substance this was what he said:

"My younger brethren: Peter was asleep one day upon the top of a house, as was his custom, and whilst sleeping he had a dream good to marvel at. He dreamed that a great blanket was let down from the sky by its four corners, and inside this blanket were a great many animals—animals of all sorts, good and bad. Then Peter heard a voice, which said: 'Peter, *oie*, arise, kill and eat.'

"Now, my younger brethren, you must not forget that before Peter became a Christian he was a heathen, just like you

and me. He had always feared to kill any animal for food because he thought that he would be punished for so doing by being sent to hell and having to live there thousands and thousands of years and afterwards suffer several thousand re-births as an animal. Just as you and I once were, you see. So what did Peter say? Why he said: 'No, Lord; I cannot kill these animals. It is not lawful. I have never killed an animal in my life. I am not brave enough to do such an act as that.'

"Then God spoke out of heaven and said: 'Peter, *oie*, don't be afraid to kill them. When you were a heathen man, Peter, you feared to kill an animal for food, but you are a Christian now and so you need not fear.'

"Now, then, what does this lesson teach us? Why, it teaches us that we need not be afraid to kill animals for our food and eat them afterwards in our curry. It is not a sin, although the heathen man says it is, so let us eat meat curry without fear. It is because of this that our religion is called the 'chicken-killing religion'" (*i.e.*, a religion that permits its worshipers to kill chickens and eat them; Buddhists are supposed not to take life in any way).

Once I was out walking with Doctor Cushing, the greatest authority on Shan and the translator of the Bible into that language. An old woman came walking toward us and the doctor inquired politely where she had been to, about the only salutation there is in Shan except, "Where are you going to?" She answered, as I understood, "I have been to a Shan's house." As there were a few hundred houses in the city and all were inhabited by Shans, I thought the answer very vague, to say the least, and asked Doctor Cushing if he did not think so too. He smiled and said: "That old woman said she had been to the house of a *dead man.*" Then I remembered that a Shan man and a dead man differed but in tone, the word was the same, and I felt like saying, although I did not for fear of shocking the doctor, "Confound those tones, anyway."

A good many years ago one of our missionaries and his wife took a trip through the Southern Shan States. In those days traveling was often a dangerous business, so that it was necessary to watch the camp all night long, and the doctor, his wife, and a Christian Shan arranged to take turns in performing this duty. One night the doctor

said he would take the first watch, the preacher was to take the second, and the missionary's wife the third. They had but one timepiece between them and that had met with an accident and was useless, so it was arranged that the doctor's wife should call everybody when a certain star appeared above the top of the mountains; that would be about an hour before sunrise. They wished to get an extra early start as they had a very hard day's travel before them.

Everybody except the doctor, therefore, turned in, rolled themselves up in their blankets, and went to sleep. It is very monotonous work that, watching a sleeping camp with nothing to do; the doctor was wearied too, with a long day's tramp, and so —we must tell the truth—after a while he nodded, nodded again, and then was as sound asleep as anybody else in the camp. He awoke at last with a start, and as he looked up, there, hanging right above the mountain peak, was the star—he had slept all night long!

His wife congratulated him upon the way he had kept watch, and yet she was glad she had missed her turn too. She told him several times that she considered it quite a joke upon him, and then they prepared

to start upon their journey. The coolies grumbled at getting up so early; they said it had been a very short night and that it was not custom to get up so long before daylight; but the doctor was firm and, in spite of their grumbling, off they went through the dark forest.

They had not traveled very far before they saw some flickering lights in the distance, which proved to be torches in the hands of Shan coolies. "They too have made an early start," observed the doctor; then when the new-comers were within speaking distance, he said: "Are you on your way to bazaar, friends?"

The coolies paused, then the foremost said: "Going to bazaar? Why, no; we are coming from bazaar and are on our way home; we hope to arrive there soon."

"What made you start so early?" asked the missionary.

"Early?" echoed the coolies in chorus, looking wonderingly at the white man. "What do you mean by early? It is late at night, six hours after sunset."

The doctor looked at his wife, then they both looked at the star. There it shone, brilliant as ever; but it was the wrong one!

Some of the funniest mistakes I have

ever met with have been made by boys in our school while learning English.

Some time ago one wrote: "The enemy was driven off in a picnic," meaning, of course, "panic." Another boy, in answer to a question in plane geometry, said: "A postulate has a ruler and a pair of compasses with which to draw straight lines and circles."

I once told some of the larger boys to write an account of one of the miracles recorded in the New Testament. He chose the feeding of the five thousand, and among other things said: "Christ made the people sit down upon the grass; then he ate them all," instead of saying, "Then he fed them all."

In English dictation, a few days ago, the following sentence occurred, "The mayor said the king shook hands with him," and one of the scholars wrote, "The mayor said the king should hang with him."

The following is a paraphrase of part of one of Byron's poems, "The Destruction of Sennacherib's Army."

These are the verses as the poet wrote them:

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;

And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved and forever grew still.

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beaten surf.

This is the way one of the boys paraphrased it:

The Angel fly on the wind
And passed through the face of the soldiers
The soldiers are shaked their body and die.

The horse died with a wide nose
The horse died here and there
The horse lay dead with water which came from its mouth when we seen it was very tired.

A small native of India recorded the fact that, "Half a bread is better than no loaf."

Every Monday morning the teacher of each class sends up a list of the schoolboys absent the day before from Sunday-school with the excuses offered. Here is a sample:

"He said that he got a sore on his left paw and could not walk well."

English is—I am at a loss as to what adjective ought to be put here. It is certainly the most trying, puzzling, and difficult lan-

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guage to teach as well as to learn. Witness the following:

The teacher of one of the classes told his boys that "oxen" is the plural form of "ox." That very afternoon when the home lessons were written upon the board to be copied by the pupils the following sentence in Burmese was set to be translated into English: "There are six foxes in that field," and every boy in the class wrote in his exercise book that night, "There are six foxen in that field." Well, why not? If six oxes are six oxen, why should not six foxes be six foxen?

Last week a boy in one of my classes said, "He was a truly man." I corrected him, of course, showing that "true" was an adjective and "truly" an adverb and so could not qualify a noun. The boy turned over a few pages of his reader till he came to this sentence, "Vaseo Nunez sent back all his sick and weakly men"; then he said, "If a 'truly man' is wrong, why do you say a 'weakly man'?" Then of course there had to be a long explanation to show the difference between "weak" and "weakly," a difficult thing enough when dealing with Burmese boys.

There is one mistake which every West-

erner makes upon coming to the Orient. That is he tries to hurry natives, but it is of all mistakes the most fatal ; it cannot be done. Kipling, I think it is, wrote a poem once of a young man who came to India from England and tried to do this ; when he found it was an impossibility he worried —and finally was carried one evening at sunset to the cemetery, and the natives of India whom he had tried to drive (Western style) sat around the tombstone and smiled. A man in the Orient must remember the Oriental rendering of one of our own proverbs : "Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow."

Medical Missionary Work

V

At even' when the sun was set,
The sick, O Lord, around thee lay;
Oh, in what divers pain they met,
Oh, with what joy they went away!

MEDICAL missionary work in Burma has never received the attention it is entitled to. Our own mission (the American Baptist Missionary Union) has never been so much in favor of this special line of work as some other missionary societies, so that to-day but eight fully qualified medical missionaries are accredited to Burma, and of these, six are in the Shan department. Yet I know of no means better qualified to get in touch with the people, to allay suspicion, deaden opposition, and batter down prejudices.

In Bhamo we have a little hospital, the "Bessie Richards Memorial," built in memory of a cousin of my wife, who started a Shan Mission Circle among the young women of the Nicetown Baptist Church, of Philadelphia, which has aided in our work for over thirteen years. It has

two rooms each 18x18, separated by one 12x18; also a veranda 9 feet wide. The walls are made of bamboo plastered and whitewashed and the roof partly of corrugated iron, partly of thatch. It has been in use for eight years, except when we were at home on furlough.

Unfortunately we have never been able to have much of an indoor department. It costs a great deal of money to run a hospital, even a small one, and so we have had to content ourselves by using it simply as a dispensary or outdoor department.

Every morning from six till nine the hospital is open and I attend to the needs of patients. Every person upon entering is given a ticket with a number written upon it in Burmese and English, and when his turn comes enters the south room where I see him and give medicine. A preacher is always in attendance; every person that can read Burmese is given a tract and the preacher talks with patients waiting their turn.

The dispensary is entirely supported by voluntary contributions; no one is asked to give a *pice*, or a cent. A box is placed at the door with a notice that patients can place within it whatever they please. Then

I make quite a large number of visits to the houses of the sick, and the money paid for these visits is added to that taken from the box. A great many people also bring presents; bananas, rice, Chinese hams, cakes, and scores of other things; when they can be used in the dispensary they are of course so used, if not we take them ourselves or for the boarding department and place the amount to the dispensary account.

During last year (1903), we received in this manner over seven hundred and sixty rupees ($256.00). This money paid for twenty-five thousand four hundred and forty-six prescriptions or dressings—the number given out during the year. Fourteen thousand two hundred and fifty-seven attendances at the dispensary were given and six hundred and eighty-nine visits made to patients' homes. Besides this one hundred and seventy-nine minor operations were performed, and ten major, the latter under ether. Six fractures were also reduced, one compound and one double. Two jungle trips were made to reach desperate cases and three hundred and fifty-four daily clinics held. This constitutes an average year's work and costs the Missionary Society directly about fifty cents.

When at home I was often asked what diseases are the most common in Burma. Fever, malarial fever, without doubt is the most common, and is answerable for more deaths probably than any other one disease. People in America were so often surprised at this and would say: "What! malaria kill people?" But Burman fever and malarial fever at home, at least in the Eastern States, are two very different things.

Burma could not be improved upon, from the standpoint of a malarial bacillus, if it had been made to order. It is hot, there are vast jungles, a heavy rainfall during the monsoon, and lots of pools in which mosquitoes can breed and afterward do their deadly work. It is simply impossible, with our present means, to kill off these mosquitoes or destroy their breeding-places especially in Upper Burma, and while this state of things continues there is no chance of stamping out malarial fever.

Bhamo offers a fair example. There are in the city a large number of *nullahs*, or hollows, dry in the hot season but full of "dead" water in the rains. The water from the river also backs up into them and stays there just long enough to kill part of

the vegetation with which they are covered; then the river falls, the rain ceases for a few days, and the sun comes out scorchingly hot; what better paradise could a mosquito wish for?

Of course cholera pays us a visit almost every year. The first season I was in the country I spent at Toungoo in Lower Burma, and there I saw my first epidemic of this terrible disease. At that time there were three American Baptist mission schools in the city—the Shan and Burmese, the Bghai Karen, and the Paku Karen.

Cholera appeared as usual near bazaar and the news was of course brought to us immediately. The helpers were badly frightened and they had reason for their fears too. Cholera is a terrible disease and acts with great quickness; it is also horrible to witness, but four hours being sufficient to reduce a strong man to a wreck with sunken eyes, shriveled hands, and upon the very verge of death. Dr. Johnson, the Karen missionary, was upon the mountains, and so the work of looking after all three compounds fell to my lot. The Burmese school and compound were across the street from the house we were living in, separated from the Bghai Karen com-

pound by a police station. Several sepoys died in this station-house, and this naturally added to the fears of the native Christians. As I was new to the country and had never seen cholera before I felt worried and anxious too.

Everybody knows that cholera comes, practically always, through contaminated drinking-water. Now, if the water supply could be kept pure, one might snap his fingers at cholera, so I hoped to be able to fight the disease because we had a good brick and concrete well in each compound and did not have to get our drinking-water from the river, providing also, of course, the children living on the compounds did not go to bazaar and get food not properly cooked, which had been made with germ-contaminated water.

I called up a preacher from each compound and put all the children under their care, making them responsible. "No child goes to bazaar," was the rule issued. I made a rigid inspection every day till I was relieved by Dr. Johnson, and had the satisfaction of handing over to him a clean compound. The S. P. G.'s (English Episcopalians) and the Roman Catholics suffered so severely that they had to close their

schools and send their children home; ours were absolutely free.

When this epidemic was at its height the Chinese residents imported a special god to drive away the "cholera devil." The Chinese, by the way, always suffer more from cholera than any other race in Burma; this being due to their abuse of opium. The "god" was a picture, mounted upon a kind of platform which was carried upon men's shoulders. Every evening at dusk the Chinamen went to the joss-house for their god, then it would be carried through bazaar, stopping before each house in which a person was sick or where a man had died. The bearers howled and yelled and danced before each of these places, while the picture rolled and tossed like a ship in a storm. Long strings of firecrackers were set off, gongs were beaten and pandemonium reigned—and the cholera went on. Often the very men who had helped to carry the god around at night would be carried to the cemetery next morning.

We have just passed through an epidemic in Bhamo, and the means used by the Burmans to drive out the nats (spirits) which cause the disease were as crude as the Chinamen's. At dusk a small fire was

lit before each house ; a piece of the clothes of the victim was burnt, and as the smoke ascended it was confidently believed the disease would leave the sufferer and follow the vapor toward the clouds. Men and boys beat tin cans, frantically yelling and screaming at the same time at the very top of their voices ; women seized brooms, and yelling as loudly as their husbands and brothers, brushed at walls and ceilings to drive out the cholera nats—and the next morning as I made my rounds to see cases taken sick during the night, I stepped over the ashes of the fires lit in vain the evening before.

Long streamers made of thin muslin were tied to slender bamboos and fastened to the tops of trees ; Buddhist priests paid visits to different parts of the city and mumbled Pali words ; women went by scores and hundreds to trees in whose branches evil spirits are supposed to live, and prayed beneath them, begging the nats to take pity and go away—and the epidemic went on. People laughed when I told them to boil their drinking water ; that, they declared, was the height of absurdity ; the disease was caused by evil spirits, not by foul water.

There is not so much surgery in Burma as one would expect. For one thing, there is so little machinery in the country that accidents, save broken bones from falls, are comparatively rare; then too, the Burman dreads the knife. Sometimes, though, patients are anxious for an operation.

A funny thing once happened along this line. A Kachin came to me asking for help. He was, without any doubt, the ugliest native I have ever seen. He had a harelip, and not only was his upper lip divided, but the fissure ran up into his nostril; three or four fangs protruded through it also, and the roof of his mouth was cleft as well.

After getting him upon the table I pulled out these horrible teeth and sewed the two sides of the fissure together, and the operation proved later to be quite successful. Just before he was discharged he asked to look in a glass so that he might see himself; we got a small mirror and handed it to him. I have never, in all my experience, seen a man so tickled as was that Kachin. He twisted his face into the most horrible grimaces, first to one side, then to the other, "to see if it was mended good and strong"; then he grinned from ear to

ear and rubbed his finger over the place where the fissure had been. Finally he asked one of his friends who was standing near for a little betel-nut, and after chewing it went to the railing of the veranda and spit the juice into the compound with great glee; then he returned, looking as proud as a small boy in his first long pants, and said earnestly, "Just see, I can spit now! I have never been able to do it before."

He was then all haste to get over to the Kachin compound and show off his new good looks to friends. Mrs. Hanson, of the Kachin Mission, saw him, but before she had time to compliment him upon his changed appearance he cried:

"Ah, I shall surely be able to get a wife now! None of the girls would look at me before. They said I was too ugly, but they cannot say that now!"

Any one can practise medicine in Burma. In fact, every white person has to, more or less. The servants come as a matter of course when they are sick and ask for medicine; the scholars in the school have to be looked after also, and during jungle trips, santonine for worms, quinine for fever, cough mixture, and other simple

remedies are included in the jungle kit as a matter of course.

Among native Burmese doctors there is no real knowledge of the cause of disease. They are ignorant of anatomy—even of a rudimentary sort—and the same can be said of physiology and hygiene. Medicines are compounded and given not only by the mouth and nostrils but are sometimes stuffed into the ears. I once saw a man trying to drive "strength medicine" into a woman by placing it upon the top of her head and then blowing at it through his hands.

Some years ago a man, a native of India, opened a shop in bazaar and posted a sign in Burmese, English, and Urdu, stating that he was an eye doctor and could cure every case of eye disease that came to him, even though the patient had been totally blind for years. Of course his shop was just thronged and, after bleeding every patient of all the money he had brought along, he took strips of paper upon which a verse from one of the Vedas had been written and pasted it across the forehead of each foolish dupe, telling them at the same time that these verses had miraculous power, strong enough even to bring back sight to blind eyes.

Talking of bleeding reminds me that bleeding in another sense, that of taking blood from the veins instead of money from the pockets of patients, is still practised upon the Shan hills among the Kachins and, I believe, in some parts of India. The way a Shan doctor bleeds is to take a cleft stick in which has been tied a sharp, three-cornered piece of glass. This is used instead of a lancet. The patient stands erect and the surgeon selects a vein in one of the legs and, by holding his finger upon it and thus stopping the flow of blood, makes it become prominent. Then he spits upon the sharp end of his lancet and places the piece of glass upon the vein; then with a sharp blow from a small stick he drives his lancet into the vein and starts the bleeding. He once more spits on his instrument and operates upon another vein, so that when he is through the man will have sometimes as many as half a dozen little streams of blood slowly running down his legs. When, in the estimation of the doctor, enough blood has been extracted, he claps upon each wound a little plaster of leaves of a small lump of partly-chewed tobacco and thus stops the bleeding. As it is not thought necessary to wash the patient's

leg before operating nor the lancet either before or afterward, save for the spitting above referred to, and as both leg and lancet of course are dirty, it will not prove surprising to hear that many of these wounds suppurate and cause ugly sores.

A very favorite application for wounds of all sorts is soot. Fires are made in houses upon a hearth and, as there is no chimney, the smoke escapes through the thatch roof and deposits a thick crust of soot upon the rafters. It is soot from these rafters that is used and, as it is greasy and sticky and is oftentimes plastered on with a liberal hand, it is very difficult to get it off so as to properly cleanse a wound in order to put a clean dressing on. In fact, in the case of burns, where the wound is a large one, it is impossible to cleanse it at one dressing; one has to be content to "get off the worst of it" and trust to the softening influence of ointment to finish it next time.

Burns, by the way, are very common, especially among children. As before mentioned, fires are made upon a hearth, which consists of a square of earth a few inches thick, usually set in the middle of a room, with no protection around it. Cooking

pots of hot rice or boiling water often are spilled over children, or the little ones trip and fall into the fire and burn themselves severely.

Smearing over the wound with soot or grease is all that is done by way of treatment; so that the wound, of course, is not only a long time healing, but what is worse, great scars are formed, which contract and cause terrible deformities. Arms are sometimes joined to forearms. I have seen the leg fastened to the thigh for almost the whole of its length and the chin so bound down to the chest that the mouth could not be closed, while the eyelid had grown so fast to the cheek that it could not be shut.

If the Burman is ignorant, the lower castes of natives of India are even more so and, what is worse, they are horribly dirty. It would be impossible for an American to understand or realize just how filthy they are. Their ignorance is not only appalling but sometimes heartrending. I remember just before I went home on furlough last time being called to the house of a sweetmeat seller living in bazaar. His son was very sick, he told me in his broken Burmese—would I not take pity on them and go and see him? I went, of course, but

when I saw the condition the poor child was in, used as I am to seeing horrible sights, it made me shudder.

The boy had had a little sore upon his cheek, the father said; he had scratched it and made it bleed. Of course the boy's finger-nails were foul and he poisoned the wound, which spread and spread till it had eaten away all the flesh from one-half of the lower jaw and more than half of the upper. The father had applied medicine to the sore. He was a Hindu and therefore had great faith in cows, so he had taken some cow-manure, mixed it with a little lime and tobacco, and put that on the wound.

A glance showed that it was impossible to cure the boy. The bones were lying at the bottom of the wound, perfectly white and bare, with no covering upon them at all; but I hoped to be able to give the poor little fellow a few hours of comparative comfort. I therefore told the father that he must bring his son to the hospital right away and I went on ahead to get ready.

The first thing I did was to send out for a cigar. Now, smoking is "one of the things a fellow cannot do," as Kipling puts it—that is, if the fellow is a missionary,

and the native helper looked surprised when I made the request, but I knew the operation was a little too much on the dissecting-room order, and a good cigar would be a very comforting adjunct. I put the cigar in the end of a pair of artery forceps, so that I would not have to touch it with my fingers, and went ahead. Doing what? Why, taking live maggots out of that boy's face! They lay in the recesses of the wound, scores and scores of them—big, white, fat maggots—and when I had finished I found that I had filled a teacup one-third full. And yet people at home in America say, "Why do you send medical missionaries to the East?" Why? That's why!

I was called once to a house not a hundred yards from the one last-mentioned, to see a woman who was supposed to be dying. Her husband came rushing into my house and assured me his wife was nearly dead, breathing her last, he said; so although it was noon and the thermometer on the veranda registered one hundred and four degrees, I jumped on my bicycle and rode as hard as I could to the man's home.

A little baby had been born to the woman that morning, and the custom in Burma is

that after a child is born, never mind how hot the weather may be, a large fire is built close beside the woman who is kept in a constant sweat for several days. If she should stop sweating for a moment there would be grave danger; in fact, death would speedily come. The unhappy woman had really fainted from pain and intense heat, so that a bucket of cold water thrown upon the glowing embers of the fire would have been the best treatment, sufficient to cure her in fact; but according to an old hag sitting near, the real trouble was that every drop of blood in her body "had ascended" to her brain and must be driven back again to its proper place in her body, or she would die and that in a few minutes. They had tried to drive it back, two or three said, but they had not been successful; so that it depended upon me. If I could persuade this unruly blood "to descend" the patient would get well; if not, well, then she would die.

I took out my hypodermic syringe and gave her an injection, and in a few moments had the satisfaction of seeing her open her eyes, and soon after she was as comfortable as it was possible for any one to be in such a condition. I hardly know whether I should

say as comfortable as possible, for it was, as I have said, one hundred and four degrees on our veranda ; I would hardly like to say what it was under that grass roof with the room packed to overflowing with men, women and children and babies, not to mention the great fire burning away in the middle. But there was something worse than that.

There was a burning smell in the room, a strange smell like that of burning meat, so I asked one woman what they were cooking and advised them to look to it as it was being burnt and would certainly be spoiled. They looked surprised and said they were not cooking anything; it was noon and " evening rice " would not be put over the fire for several hours.

I noticed that an old woman was holding something upon the patient's head, and when I asked what she was doing she said she was trying to drive the blood down. Just at that moment the woman took up a pair of iron tongs, and thrusting them into the fire, pulled out an earthenware pot about as large as a breakfast coffee-cup, which was red-hot. She took part of an old dress and dipped it into water, wrung it out, placed it upon the patient's head, then

with the tongs she clapped upon that the red-hot *chattie* and kept it in place with a thick wad of wet cloth above all. Then the mystery of the burning flesh was made clear. It was not roasting pork as I thought, but the woman's head that was burning! In the excitement the cloth beneath this almost red-hot *chattie* had become dry and the pot itself had burned through not the cloth only but the woman's hair, skin, and scalp, right down to the bone, and a few days afterwards there was a great, ragged, wound upon the top of her head as large as the palm of my hand, and I could touch bone with my probe wherever I placed it within the burned area.

I am afraid this will be called a chapter of horrors, and so it is, I freely acknowledge, but if it is horrible simply to read of such things, what must it be to suffer them? I have thus written to answer the question so often asked at home: "Why are medical missionaries sent to Burma by the Christian churches of America?" Why? Have I answered that question to the reader's satisfaction?

There is no Good Samaritan in Buddhism or Hinduism either, and one sermon of works, relieving fever-stricken, pain-racked

bodies is sometimes worth a score of sermons merely preached; at least, that has been my experience.

It is often pitiable to see the dense superstition in which people are buried, especially the women. Some months ago I was called to see the wife of a soldier, a Sikh woman, who was in a desperate plight. A baby had been born early in the morning and yet, although it was then getting dark, she was still in trouble; the midwife, also a native of India, did not know what the matter was, so they sent for me, and I found the woman had twins, and only one had been born. An operation was necessary, and she had been sick so many hours that when at last the second child was born it was, to all appearances, dead. Immediately the midwife grabbed a brass dish in one hand and one of my instruments in the other and began banging them together, making a horrible din. I objected to my instrument being employed in this manner, as she was pounding with it upon the edge of the dish vigorously, so I took it away from her; but a stick of fire-wood was substituted and the pounding continued in order "to bring life into the child," as she explained.

Often at night as one passes through the city one will see a great glare of light which will be found to come from a number of candles, often several score, the reason for the illumination being that some person in the house is sick, and these candles are burnt as a sort of sacrifice in hopes of his being cured.

At home the physician is expected to make a diagnosis of the case to which he is called; here, however, the patient saves him the trouble, for he comes, knowing just what the trouble is, with a request that we give him "good medicine" to cure it.

For example, here is a man who has come to the morning clinic at the dispensary. "What's the matter?" you query.

"I have a tumor," he says; "sometimes it is small, sometimes large. It starts here," (pointing to the lower part of his abdomen) "and it rolls around, rolls around, turning over and over till it reaches my throat, and then it feels as though it were about to choke me."

This tumor pays not the slightest attention to anatomy; things like the diaphragm, lungs, and other organs, offer no obstruction to it; it rolls along its course setting all anatomical knowledge at de-

fiance. Of course, the man has no tumor at all, he has dyspepsia; but to tell him that would make him think that you were not only ignorant but unsympathetic as well; so you let him think he is harboring a tumor of the somersault variety, and try to cure his dyspepsia, and if you are fortunate enough to do so—a difficult thing enough—you cure his tumor at the same time. So you put up "good medicine," as requested, in an old condensed-milk can which he has brought for the purpose, and he withdraws while you call out "Next!"

"What's the matter with you?"

"O *saya*, I have been sick a long time with pain all over my body."

"Oh, yes, I remember, you came here some time ago."

"I did, *saya*, and you gave me some medicine which cured it; but I made a mistake yesterday, and that brought all the trouble back. I ate some chicken."

A Burman will eat hard-boiled rice with curry so hot it must taste like a political torch-light procession going down his throat; with this he will take a little putrid fish and smack his lips over it, but should he be foolish enough to take a little chicken he is deadly afraid it will make him sick.

Another interesting thing. The kitchen of a Burman house has a floor made of split bamboos, and between its crevices—and there are sometimes more crevices than floor—all the refuse is thrown for the dogs and crows to eat, so that right beneath the house is a hole, always partly filled with stale water and decaying vegetable matter. This harms the Burman not a jot, but just let a native of India cook his food near-by, using ghee or native butter to fry it in, and every Burman that passes will cover up his face and nose to keep away the smell, and should they be attacked by any disease, from malaria to consumption or cholera, that frying butter is blamed for it. I remember a woman—one of the members of our Burman church—assuring me that her child got fever from smelling food which was being fried in butter.

Here comes a great scuffling from the outer room, then a native of India enters, comes stiffly to "attention," raises his hand in a military salute with great unction, then retreats quickly to the waiting-room and returns once more, this time piloting a movable bundle of clothes. It is not a "tall figure all in white," but a short, squat figure all in white, which has to be guided as though

it was about to play blind man's buff, and was being placed in position for the game to commence.

Imagine a big sheet, in the center of which is a round hole about the size of a small tea-plate, laced back and forth with tape. Place this sheet so that the laced opening is squarely above her head; make the garment long enough to trip her up in front, and drag upon the ground behind, and full enough to hang around her so that she looks like an equilateral triangle with the apex rounded off, and you have a good idea of what the wife of a Mohammedan native of India looks like when she rides abroad in a closed *gharry* (native carriage) which has had all the windows closely shut and a jealous husband opposite to her in the dark.

From some hidden recess she pushes forth a hand, covered almost from wrist to elbow in thin, silver bracelets—that is for one to feel her pulse, difficult enough to do with the bracelets getting in the way, and yet that's all one has to go by in making a diagnosis, so far as physical signs are concerned, but by judicious questioning of the husband—the wife keeps silent or at most whispers out the answers to her husband

who repeats them, she never answers direct—one is able to strike a clue which is often sufficient to put one on the right track. Some medicine is given, instructions are gone over two or three times; her husband salutes again, grabs his wife by the elbow, turns her about-face, and out she stumbles. "Next!"

The next is another native of India, but a very different sort of man from the last. He is a Hindu, and hates the Mohammedan like poison, and it may be said is hated by the Mohammedan quite as cordially. This man speaks beautifully; his English is purer than many and many a person born in Boston or Philadelphia; he has been educated in an Indian university, perhaps, and so far as book learning is concerned, could hold his own with a graduate of any of the smaller American colleges. And yet, under this veneer he carries his old prejudices. How do you know? Look at the bottle in his hand; it is partly filled with water. What for? Why to mix his medicine with. He will not drink water from the pitcher you have been using all the morning. Why it would break his caste, or, as he puts it, "it is against the caste rules." This man who has studied logic in a university does

not see the foolishness in supplying water to mix the medicine with, when at the same time he is willing to use the drug which has come out of a bottle from which thousands of doses have been given and which has been filled and refilled scores of times.

This prejudice, for it is really nothing more, is a great difficulty in dealing with certain natives of India. They are forever parading their caste rules. They cannot do this, they cannot do that, they cannot do the other thing, because it is against their caste. They have no hesitancy in breaking these rules when it comes to a case of profit and gain ; they will cross salt water ; they will mix in business transactions with men of lower castes ; they will rub shoulders with them upon railroad cars, steamboats, in offices and in stores, and yet, every once in a while, they will spring these caste rules upon you in a most exasperating manner.

Such a man comes to you for aid in the dispensary ; you give him the necessary medicine, then he says : "What shall I eat ? " When I first came to Burma I commenced in such cases to tell them what they should eat exactly as I would have told an American at home, but I soon had

to stop that. For instance, I would say: "Take a little chicken broth and——," but before I could get any further the patient would make a little bow and give a slight shrug and say, "I am very sorry, sir, but I cannot take that, it is against my caste rules," and so one might go on saying this or that only to find out in the end that he could eat no animal food at all, with the exception, perhaps, of milk. Another man would consider the eating of a piece of beef a greater sin than murder; another cannot eat beef but can eat mutton; another can eat goat-flesh and chicken, but nothing else; another man will not even drink tea because it is necessary to cook the water and that might kill some animal within it. So now, when a native of India says, "and about diet?" I always ask: "Well, what can you eat, anyway; tell me first, and then I will tell you what you can and what you should not"; this saves a great deal of time and bother too. Fortunately there is no caste among the natives of Burma; he is not troubled about food, but is like the king's fool—eats anything that is good.

This statement, however, should be qualified with reference to milk. Very few Burmans like milk. It "turns against

them" as the saying is, and a native of Burma feels about drinking milk much as an American would if ordered to drink warm blood. Milk is practically never used as an article of food, and when taken in sickness I have more than once seen it cause a violent diarrhœa, very difficult to control. Sweet, condensed milk, not diluted with water and drunk, but spread thick upon a slice of bread or a biscuit is regarded as a great dainty.

It might be interesting to note in passing, perhaps, that comparatively few Burmans suffer from consumption, while natives of India who drink large quantities of raw milk often come to the dispensary with well-marked symptoms of this disease. There are, of course, many other causes to be taken into consideration; but I am confident the drinking of unboiled milk is a great cause of this terrible disease. Of course the milk must come from a diseased cow, but in Upper Burma at least there is, so far as I have ever heard, no inspection whatsoever of cow-stables or herds of milk-giving cows. But to return to the clinic.

This time a Burman comes in leading a child by the hand. One glance at the poor little thing is sufficient to show how useless

medicine is in her case. Both eyes are sightless, covered with thick, white scars; the eyelids, without lashes, are thickened and drawn out of shape, and the child is quite blind.

"How long?" you ask.

"Two or three years," replies her father.

"Where do you live?" is the next question.

"At Goon Kha," (a village a mile or two up the river). This man has known all the time about the dispensary in the city, so you ask:

"Why did you not come before?"

"Oh," he replies, "at first the child's eyes were so sore she did not want to come out into the light; then afterwards I put it off from day to day and month to month till now."

And thus it goes. *Nep pin gah* (to-morrow) is the curse of Burma. "I will do it to-morrow," "I will go to-morrow," always, always to-morrow, and so nothing is done that can possibly be put off till the next day.

Some years ago I read a very clever article in one of the popular magazines, I forget which one—the "Century" I think it was, but am not quite sure. It was written by

a young Japanese and was called Topsey-turveydom; it contrasted Japan with the United States, and the way things were done in Japan with American methods; but I often think Burma is quite as much upside down as Japan, in some things more.

Especially is this true in cases of sickness. At home the patient is, of course, kept as quiet as possible. "The doctor orders that nobody is to see the patient"; how often do we hear that at home? In Burma, however, a sick-room is the gathering place of the community. The patient lies in the middle of the room upon his mat and is surrounded by friends, day and night, and the more dangerous the attack the greater is the gathering. Nor is it a quiet, orderly one. Everybody, men, women, and children chatter and smoke; everybody gives his or her ideas as to the disease, its cause, and proper treatment; there is bustle in preparing food for visitors that have come from a distance to see the sick man, and all is confusion. A more opposite condition to an American sick-room it is impossible to imagine.

I once counted ninety people gathered in one house, almost all piled into one room, waiting for me to come and say what I

thought of a case. The entire room in which the patient lay was filled to overflowing with people sitting upon the floor, wedged together, their knees drawn close up under their chins to take up less room, and only a narrow lane left from the door to the mat in the center upon which the sick woman lay. Down this lane I was conducted to where, close beside the mat, stood a chair, ostentatiously placed ready for me to take my seat. It had been borrowed for the occasion, by the way, from a friend ; the people of the house did not possess one, but it is considered such bad form to ask a white man to sit upon the floor like a native that whenever I make a visit there is always a *kalah tine* (literally, "a thing a foreigner sits on") ready-placed for my use.

The poor woman was dying of consumption and it was necessary to examine her chest, which was done to the great interest of the crowd. A question addressed to the patient would be answered by perhaps a score of friends, and as they almost always disagreed it was difficult to sift out the truth from a mass of contradictory statements.

Outside upon the veranda were piles of yellow robes, tins of biscuits and con-

densed milk to be offered to the priests in a near-by monastery. A feast was being cooked in the compound, part to be sent to the monastery with the robes and part to be eaten by the visitors. People were running from pot to pot; fires were crackling, smoke rising, children rushing hither and thither, their parents scolding at the top of their voices, and in the center of all, gasping out her life, lay the poor patient in whose behalf all this was being done.

The native of Burma is very hysterical and easily affected by surroundings or, as it is technically termed, "suggestion." Then the crowding of the sick-room as I have already described with sympathetic friends, each pitying the patient and saying how sick he is and how much he suffers, heightens this influence.

I have frequently been called by a man who, with tears in his eyes, has told me a person was dying; I have reached the house and found a score of excited women leaning over the patient, calling her by name to come back and speak to them, while they tore their hair, screamed, and beat their breasts like distracted creatures, and upon a mat would be a rigid form, stiff and to all appearances unconscious if not

dead. It was, however, nothing but hysteria, and the worst of the screamers having been sent out—much against their will, be it said—and the balance calmed and quieted, the apparently dead woman has before long been brought around. What a field for so-called "Christian science!" To cure something that never existed—to use an Irishman's phrase. But putting joking aside, although it is "nothing but hysteria," such cases require a great deal of tact, in fact, more tact than medicine.

The very first case I had in Burma was that of a woman said to be dying of hydrophobia. I found out afterwards that the dog which had bitten her was not mad; she thought it was, however, and that was just as deadly for she actually frightened herself to death—she died a few hours after I saw her.

Upon the Shan Hills there is one kind of evil spirit which is supposed to live in the grass by the roadsides, and as travelers through the jungle pass by the place where it lies in ambush it utters a terrible scream and springs for the person's throat. If the traveler is wise he keeps his mouth shut and gets nothing but a bad scare, for the spirit flies off disappointed at the ill success of its

scheme, but if, on the other hand, the man becomes so frightened that he opens his mouth to cry, the spirit seizes the opportunity of popping into his mouth, darts down his throat and soon kills him. So great is the dread of these evil spirits and so firm is the belief that their entrance into a person's body is surely fatal that men who suppose themselves attacked really die. Their case is hopeless, they say, and they lie down and die of sheer fright.

When a medical missionary first commences work he may be regarded with suspicion, but if he is at all skilful and conscientious and above all has tact and kindly feelings he soon wins the confidence of the Burmans. The last-mentioned characteristic, however, counts for more than all the rest, save, perhaps that of tact. Any man can be reached through his heart quicker, not to mention more satisfactorily, than through his brains ; and the Burman, the Kachin, the Shan, and the Hindu are as other men in this respect, and their confidence once gained it is given freely. Sometimes, in fact, it is almost embarrassing. For instance, I once had a man brought to me with an eye that looked like a raisin ; he

had been blind forty years, he told me, had had an arrow shot into it when he was a boy, but a friend whom I had cured had assured him that that did not make any difference, I could cure him, and what was more, could give him a new eye. Poor fellow ! he went away a very disappointed man. His friend had heard, I believe, of artificial eyes, something, however, I did not have in the dispensary. The artificial eye, through report, had probably grown into one that could see.

Speaking of artificial eyes makes me think of a Shan preacher I used to have. This man had an artificial tooth and often mystified the jungle people by opening his mouth and showing them that he had a straight row of teeth, then by rubbing his hand over his lips, he could make the tooth disappear and reappear at will. I used often to think of the story of Rider Haggard—in "King Solomon's Mines," I think it is—where a man saved his life by taking a set of false teeth in and out. Our preacher was as proud of his artificial tooth as a peacock with two tails, but alas, pride goeth before destruction, this time not merely in a figurative sense, for that tooth was simply worn out by taking it in and out showing off

before admiring friends, and the last time I saw the preacher there was a woful gap between his teeth and their artificial companion was no more.

"Nats," "Npeas," and Charms

VI

A "NAT" (Shan *hpea*), is a Burmese word, the meaning of which, as given in Doctor Judson's dictionary is, "A kind of god, a being superior to man and inferior to Brahmas, some of whom inhabit the inferior celestial regions, and others have dominion over different parts of the earth and sky."

Belief in and fear of these nats or evil spirits is universal throughout Burma. In the case of hill tribes, such as the Kachins and the Karens, it is the only religion they possess, if such a belief can be dignified by the name of religion; but even with the Burmans, although they are Buddhists, the fear of these spirits is almost as great, and offerings are constantly made to them.

An officer in the police, then stationed at Toungoo, in Lower Burma, told me the following anecdote: He had in his service an orderly, a Shan, who had been in the police department for years. Shortly before he told me the story the officer had been at a small village a few miles north of

Toungoo, where there were several prisoners, and as there was no prison there it was necessary to bring them down to the city by train. They were securely handcuffed in pairs and entrusted to this old Shan orderly, who went with them aboard the south-bound train.

Now, if this old man had been content to simply take his prisoners safely to their destination, and deliver them to the jail officials as ordered, all would have been well, but he was very fond of what a friend of mine calls "frills," and wished to impress upon the minds of the unfortunate prisoners under his care what a smart man he was. He had often seen conductors—guards they call them in Burma—drop off the train without waiting for it to stop, and he thought that by following their example he would be able to show how clever he was and how used he was to traveling by train, so while the cars were still in motion, just as the train pulled into the station, he turned his face toward the rear car and gave a tremendous leap.

The poor old policeman was encumbered with a sword, several bundles, and an earthenware *chattie*, and when some coolies standing near had helped the would-be great

man to his feet, had picked up his sword and bundles, some of them from the track, he looked at the pieces of his earthenware *chattie* ruefully, whilst he rubbed a bump upon the back of his head with one hand, and with the other stanched the blood flowing from his nose.

He swore the other policemen to silence, but the joke upon the poor old orderly was too good to keep, and before long not only had it been told to the balance of the men at their village post, but the story reached the ears of the inspector, who demanded why he had done such a foolish thing as jump off a train in motion. The old man, however, was ready with an excuse. Putting on a look of great wisdom, he replied:

"My lord, you must understand that many, many years before the English came to Burma there was a great nat, one of the greatest in our country, that had his habitation in a large tree near the gate of Toungoo. This tree was cut down to make way for the railroad, and the nat, to his great disgust, was obliged to seek a new home. Your lordship will, of course, understand how angry the nat was at such treatment, and he determined to revenge

himself upon people who rode in trains whenever he had the chance. To this end he follows the trains for many miles, and often seizes unfortunate passengers and throws them off the cars.

"This was what happened to your slave. I was standing upon the platform of the car, just getting ready to alight when the train should stop, when this nat seized me by my two shoulders and threw me violently to the ground. Your slave is but a man, and when a demon seizes his shoulders, as this one did mine, what is he to do? Because of this, although I broke the sheath of my sword, tore my jacket, and raised a bump upon my head, which feels as big as a cocoanut, I do not feel that I have disgraced myself or have done aught to be ashamed of."

These evil spirits are supposed to cause sickness. A man falls sick, and his friends believing the sickness is caused by a nat, offer gifts beneath a nat tree. Shans usually paint a bamboo or two white, and place them beneath the tree. If this does not work a cure presents of a little greater value are offered, such as betel-nut, a few bananas, a little boiled rice, or even a little tobacco, and in severe cases a small house made of

bamboo, or a zayat, is built beneath the tree in which the nat is supposed to live.

If this is not sufficient to coax the evil spirit out of the sufferer's body there remains one other expedient, that of driving him out; and Buddhist priests are called upon to do this service. Usually a small platform, raised a foot or so from the ground, is built of bamboos or anything that comes readily to hand. It is covered with mats, most of which have been borrowed from friends, and a curtain is hung up at the rear of the platform to shield the priests from the wind. Plants and flowers are oftentimes arranged to make an effective setting, and last of all, but not least by any means, betel-nut boxes are placed handy, together with dishes full of large cheroots. This is done outside the house in full view of everybody; in fact, all the neighbors join in and help; practically everything in Burma being done on the co-operative plan.

At evening the priests put in an appearance. A small boy bearing an immense palm-leaf fan follows each, and each priest takes his place upon the platform, sitting upon the mats spread for his comfort, and retiring behind his fan is supposed to be soon lost in meditation. After a while they

begin chanting texts and passages from the law, while the oldest men and women in the quarter devoutly count their beads and 'make hay while the sun shines' by worshiping the holy men, and thus lay up a little merit which will always come in useful. At length the priests rise and stalk back to their monasteries followed by coolies carrying the gifts from the friends of the patient.

A sort of witchcraft is closely allied to the belief in nats. Burmans believe that nails, bits of leather, pieces of bone, rags, and other things can be conjured into a man's body by an enemy aided by a witch.

I remember a carpenter with a phlegmon of his hand coming to me for treatment soon after my arrival in Bhamo. The whole hand was much swollen ; he had had no sleep for several nights, and was completely worn out with pain and want of rest. I persuaded him to let me open his hand, and after a large amount of pus had been evacuated I called our Karen nurse to dress the wound. Two openings were made so as to secure good drainage, and in flushing out the cavity from which the pus had been drained, a large mass of stringy tissue protruded from the lower wound. I

told the nurse to seize this with a pair of dressing forceps, which she did, and gently pulled the mass out. The carpenter looked at it attentively for a moment or so, then he said:

"Ah, I knew somebody who had owed me a grudge had put something in my hand to make it sore and there it is, sure enough; now I shall get well quickly."

Some of these spirits live in banyan trees, and beneath their spreading branches may often be seen model houses, model zayats, and the plates which have held offerings of rice and other food.

A young British officer told me a good story about a nat tree. He was in charge of a post on the Shan Hills, and close to his fort a rifle range had been ordered built. As the district was very mountainous the site selected was the only available one for some miles. He noticed that a fine, large tree was growing close to the three-hundred-yard line, and as he was a lover of nature he decided to let the grand old tree stand till the range was finished, and not cut it down till the very last minute possible. The butts were therefore built; the range laid out and leveled; the different distances measured off, and everything ready for the

inspection of his superior officer, save the felling of the tree; then he reluctantly gave orders that it was to be chopped down.

Near-by was a Shan village, the residents of which had taken great interest in the leveling of the range, the building of the butts, the measuring, etc., but at the first blow of the axes against the great tree they came rushing out of their houses like a swarm of angry bees from a hive and drove the coolies off.

Then the young officer discovered that a nat, or a hpea as the Shans called him, lived in that tree, and dire results would happen should it be cut down.

This put the young man in a very unenviable position. Government money had been expended upon the range and yet it was useless with a big tree blocking up the way; upon the other hand, chopping it down would surely raise a riot and he was afraid of being hauled over the coals if that happened. What was he to do? He thought till his head ached and he felt like kicking the Shans, his men, and himself; but with all his thinking he could see no way out of his difficulty. He was just about ordering out a party of sepoys to protect the coolies while chopping down the

tree, this course appearing to be the less evil of the two, when a baboo, a native of India, who had lived in Burma many years, waited upon him and told him that for a consideration of fifty rupees he thought he could settle things satisfactorily to everybody.

The money was gladly given. The baboo put half of it in his own pocket, then taking the balance he made a visit to the house of the *heng* or headman of the village. He impressed upon this man the fact that the great Indian government cared naught for such little things as hpeas or demons, never mind how much the Shans might dread them; that when that government gave an order it must be obeyed, hpeas or no hpeas, and that if his people tried to prevent the chopping down of the tree, his lordship, the officer in charge, would call out a party of troops to guard the coolies, and in that case, if they still persisted, somebody would get hurt.

Upon the other hand, the government, and the officer too, was kind, and did not wish to bring ill-luck upon the villagers by destroying the tree and thus making the nat angry, and he finally asked if there were not another banyan tree near at hand

which was not honored by having a nat dwelling within its branches. Could not the headman prevail upon the hpea to shift his quarters?

This was a happy thought, but the headman was not very sanguine upon this point. There were, of course, other trees, banyans too, in which no hpea resided, but still, the thing was against custom; it had never been done before; they must make a feast and that would cost money; the villagers were very poor too.

Here at last was the baboo's chance, one too good to be lost, and when the artful fellow brought forth twenty-five rupees and said this great sum could be used in buying necessaries for just such a feast, the horizon became distinctly brighter. The headman took the money and promised to call nat doctors and priests from the great city near. They came, of course; rice and curry was cooked, not to mention other good things, and so people came in crowds from city and villages, all eager to see his lordship the hpea change his quarters.

A procession was formed, the men in the lead carrying a beautiful little sedan chair made of bamboo strips. Under a tree a few hundred yards away a cute little house,

also made of bamboo strips, had been built. His lordship was asked to graciously permit his most humble servants the honor of carrying him from his old residence to the new one which he was assured was much better. He consented—at least the headman said he did ; anyway, drums were beaten, gongs were banged, and the procession marched from one tree to the other and nothing dreadful happened the next morning when the coolies chopped the tree down ; the only conclusion possible, therefore, was that the headman was right and that his lordship the hpea had consented to vacate in favor of the Indian government. Thus are Orientals governed.

Some of these nats are supposed to spend their time in guarding lakes and tanks. Thirty years ago, Doctor Cushing, the senior Shan missionary, but at the time of this writing president of the American Baptist College in Rangoon, and Mr. Kelly, a promising young missionary, were traveling in the Southern Shan States. Having been without fresh food for some time, Mr. Kelly upon arriving at a small lake took his gun in hopes of getting a shot at a bird. He was fortunate enough to bring down a wild fowl but it fell into a lake just beyond his

reach. He was about to pull off some of his clothes to swim out and secure his bird when the coolies that accompanied him crowded around begging him not to do so. They said a hpea guarded the lake ; a very wicked specimen too, and he would be so enraged at a man's first of all shooting a bird near his domains and then capping everything by swimming into the lake to get it, that the white foreigner would surely be pulled under by the angry spirit and drowned before their eyes.

Of course the young American laughed at such a fairy-tale as that, and tossing aside his coat entered the lake. He took a few strokes and had almost reached his bird when he suddenly threw up his hands and disappeared beneath the surface of the lake.

The bravest deed I have ever heard of a native of Burma doing was done then. Among the followers was a man named Ing Tah. He had been born and raised amongst the superstitions of his people, of course—he was a Shan—and although he had become a Christian a few months before, there must have been in his heart, without a doubt, a great dread of the evil spirits he had been accustomed to fear and

worship since his childhood, and yet this man bravely volunteered to enter the lake and dive for the body of the young missionary. He dived several times, and each time he disappeared the other coolies confidently expected him to share the fate of the white man, but at last he discovered the body and found also that the feet had become entangled in some water-plants growing upon the bottom.

The young missionary was buried near the bank of the lake in which he had lost his life, and Doctor Cushing had to return, bearing the heavy tidings to his young widow in Lower Burma; a sorrowful journey surely. A small tree was planted at the head of Kelly's grave and twenty years after, when the writer visited the place, the sapling was found to have grown to a tree of mighty girth, a landmark for miles across the plain. The story of the white man's death has passed into the history of Shan country, and every man knows of the American teacher whom the hpea dragged to his death beneath the waters of Naung Se Wit.

In a former chapter I have told of the journey I took with my sick wife from Möngnai; it may not be uninteresting, per-

haps, to tell the cause of her sickness from the Shan standpoint.

Poor food had really more to do with it than any other one thing; it was at that time impossible to get fresh meat in bazaar except at rare intervals, although meat from animals which had died a natural death was to be had almost every bazaar day; the people at first would not even sell us chickens because they feared that we would kill and eat the chickens and their late owners might in some manner receive part of the punishment meted out to people guilty of taking animal life. We were therefore husbanding our store of canned goods, as we knew it would be impossible to replace them during the rainy season then upon us. Under the circumstances I thought it might prove a good plan to try and get some fish. The river did not look at all promising, and after trying it I found it justified its looks. After a couple of hours' patient waiting I did not get a single bite. Just south of the mission compound, however, was a tank in which I had seen quite a number of fish and so I determined to try my luck there.

I had hardly thrown my line into the water before I noticed a number of men

who had been bathing at the lower tank come running toward me, calling to their companions as they came, and before many minutes had elapsed the entire coping around the tank upon three sides was lined with men and women, although they seemed to shun the side upon which I had taken my seat. I was then new to the country or it would not have been necessary for me to ask why they stared at me so, but at that time I had no idea what the attraction was, so I said :

"What are you looking at ? "

"We are waiting to see you go into the tank ! " answered a man.

"Go into the tank ? Why should I go into the tank ? " I asked.

"Because the hpea will pull you in," they cried in chorus.

This was a good chance to talk, so I told them that if a man was a Christian there was no need to fear hpeas. "You say your hpeas are strong," I continued, "but I will now show you that I am stronger. Now wait and see."

They did wait and, what is more, they confidently expected to see me go toppling over into the tank sooner or later and meet the same fate that poor Kelly had met

twenty years before, and they went away a very disappointed crowd of men and women.

That afternoon my wife was taken violently sick and it became necessary to get her home as quickly as possible. The news spread through the city like wild-fire, and every wiseacre shook his head and said, "I told you so." They believed that the spirit had sent this punishment upon us instead of drowning me in the tank. This was the universal verdict.

Some time ago, Doctor Henderson, who relieved me at Möngnai, had a case of appendicitis and told the patient that she had the same trouble as "Mamma" Griggs had had. The woman was scared almost to death and protested most solemnly that she had never fished in the tank. One example was quite sufficient, she declared, and no man or woman would risk life in doing such a foolhardy thing as that, especially when fish was so cheap in bazaar. If the hpea would punish a white man so severely, what, indeed, would be the punishment meted out to a Shan?

One of the most curious places, if not the most curious place in which a nat is supposed to live is in the front part of an ox-cart.

I remember soon after coming to Burma that a party of us took a journey from the railroad far into Shan country. All our goods came in the train from Lower Burma, and I was busy a whole morning bargaining with ox-cart men at the station to take us about a day's journey, at the end of which we would transfer our goods to mountain-carts or, rather, carts with oxen used to mountain travel.

After the bargain was completed the loading began. Practically everything we had had been packed into coolie baskets, each, with its contents, weighing five viss (about eighteen pounds), so that these baskets took up a great deal of room in the bottom of a cart and yet made a very light load.

Some small bundles and baskets had been left over and there was a good deal of squabbling among the cartmen as to where these baskets should be placed. They jabbered and talked as only Burmese cartmen can jabber and talk, and after a while, seeing they appeared no nearer a settlement of the dispute than at first, I snatched up one of the baskets from the ground and placed it on one of the carts just a little forward of the place where the driver would afterward take his place. It

was only a small basket and the man would have been able to see over it and yet sit comfortably and drive his oxen easily at the same time.

As I placed the basket on the cart every man jumped to his feet and cried out excitedly that I must remove it or not a man would "follow." I was astounded for a moment or two, but then I remembered how complex are their customs; that a man cannot do this or that or the other thing, although in Western eyes it may appear trivial or unimportant, so I asked what the trouble was.

The head coolie, a Shan, then said, "Teacher, there is not room for that basket there."

"Not room!" I cried; "what do you mean by 'not room'? There is plenty of room. The cartman can sit behind it. It does not come up to his knees. He can see over it and be comfortable."

"It is not a case of the cartman's being comfortable," replied the coolie, "but of offending the hpea."

While the coolie had been talking to me the cartman had lifted the basket from his cart and placed it upon the ground. Then, turning toward me, he said:

"If the teacher does not know I will tell him. Just in front of the driver's seat lives a nat who guards the cart. If we feed him before we start on a journey and do not crowd him he remains good-tempered, but if we were to place that basket where you wanted it to go it would incommode him. He would become angry and play all sorts of tricks upon us. The cart would break down before we had gone a mile; the oxen would fall sick; we would all get the fever; in short, bad luck would arrive for everybody and everything in the caravan. No, the basket cannot go there."

It was, of course, no use arguing, so the contents of three or four carts had to be rearranged to make room for the troublesome baskets before we could start on our journey.

These inquisitive busybodies of fairies interest themselves even in the building of houses. The first building put up under my care was at Möngnai, in Shan country. The post-holes were dug, the bottom of each post was burned to make it bitter and protect it from white ants, and the next thing in order was to raise it.

I went out early one morning to see the carpenters do this, and the first thing I saw,

close to the house-site, was what looked like a little table with tall legs, made of bamboo, and upon it was placed a little rice, with a few bananas and a little betel-nut. A small bunch of bananas was tied with rattan to the top of each post as it lay upon the ground all ready to be hoisted into place.

I called the head carpenter—a Shan, of course—and asked him what these bananas meant, and he answered that they were an offering to the hpeas, and assured me that if something of the kind was not done the nails would turn to worms between their fingers, the hammers and hatchets would mash and cut their fingers, the posts would fall and crush them and other disastrous things would happen, all brought about by these miserable hpeas.

A Westerner may perhaps smile at such superstition and say "How foolish!" Of course it is foolish, worse than foolish, but the carpenters believed it—hpeas were very real beings to them—and what is more, every man in the country, from one end to the other, except the Christians, shares their belief. The Burman is as superstitious as the Shan. I found that out when, years afterward, I started building the Bessie

Richards Memorial Hospital in Bhamo, for the Burman carpenters acted in exactly the same way.

When the schoolhouse—also in Bhamo—was built, as it was a much larger and more expensive building, and as the government had made a grant in aid of it, Chinese carpenters were called, and as the first post went up the Chinese contractor set fire to a circle of little candles he had previously placed in the ground, while in the quarters of the carpenters close by, a whole bunch of punk incense-sticks smoked before the shrine of their spook ancestors. And so it goes throughout the whole country from China to the sea.

These nats and hpeas have an unfortunate habit of being revenged upon persons that have unwittingly provoked them. If a man meets misfortune the nats are often blamed for causing it. If the hens do not lay or if eggs mysteriously disappear afterward it is because some nat has been offended and is now taking his revenge, and so on through an endless succession of petty trivial troubles.

Anything that is out of the ordinary is easily explained by attributing it to a nat. A phonograph is a nat. Some Burmans

from a jungle village once came to hear our graphophone. Of course they were astonished, and when they heard songs, bands, solos, and choruses all come out of one trumpet, they decided that a nat was inside and did the talking. Even when we produced a record and explained that a Burman had sung into the horn, and endeavored to make the method plain to them, they shook their heads and said it could be nothing but a nat; nothing else would have sufficient wisdom to do such a marvelous thing. There was no getting around such reasoning as that, so we gave it up.

The highest flattery a Burman can give is to call a person a nat. Sometimes after a difficult operation, after the patient has been etherized, after a great gaping wound has been made, after this has been sewn up and the patient come out of the ether, they have asked him: "Did you feel no pain, none at all, none whatsoever?" and when the patient has assured them he felt nothing, they have shook their heads and said: "Your lordship is not a man, you are a nat." Higher praise than that they could not give.

The question is sometimes asked, "Are there no good nats?"

"Oh, yes," the natives say, "there are good nats as well as bad, just as there are good men as well as bad. But you see they do not hurt us, and so we do not bother about them; we do not feed them. What's the use? It would be just that much good food or money's worth thrown away; so we feed and worship the bad ones only in hope that we will be able to keep them from getting angry with us, and to conciliate them should we be so unfortunate as to make them angry."

Besides these common everyday nats there are others, much more terrible but rarely met with. They are, indeed, the bugaboos of our own childhood days. The worst is an awful spirit with a dragon's head, the claws of a vulture, the wings of an eagle, and the body of a lion; a combination capable of considerable action, and if the tales told about them in the folk-lore of the Shan hills are to be relied upon, they act up to their powers. Their food is human flesh and a good deal of it. Then there is the *beeloo*, a giant as tall as a palm tree. This being rejoices in a dog's face with fangs as long as an elephant's tusks. He does not walk or run, but jumps, springing a quarter of a mile at each leap, some-

times bounding even further when in chase of a plump man or woman upon whom he has his eye.

Fortunately for the inhabitants of the mountains these breeds seem of late years to have become as extinct as the dragons of Greece or the giants of Ireland, and their only use now appears to be to fill up important parts in stories, the drama, and decorations to monasteries, except, perhaps, to scare disobedient children, a state of affairs eminently satisfactory, especially to fat and chubby children and young virgins for whose tender flesh, in years gone by, these monsters appear to have had a great fondness and an inordinate appetite.

The belief in and fear of nats, hpeas, and kindred spirits, is really the old religion of Burma which Buddhism has never supplanted, and when one leaves the plains and ascends the hills one finds that the further he travels the less hold Buddhism has upon the people and the greater the fear of nats, till, upon the borders of China, and among the Kachins, Chins, and other hill tribes, it constitutes, as before mentioned, the entire religion of the people. Idols are not to be seen ; monasteries with their yellow-robed priests are left behind, and in-

stead nat priests, nat altars and the remains of nat feasts are universal.

Still, even among the Shans, who are bigoted Buddhists, so great is this fear that I have frequently seen men, clad only in cotton trousers and cotton jacket, sit shivering upon the ground, or sleep shivering upon a sheet of coarse paper by way of a bed, and nothing above them but a thin cotton blanket, while there was white frost upon the ground, and yet close by, lay broken boughs and branches, just the stuff to make a good roaring fire with, and yet they lay unused. Why? Because a hpea was supposed to live in the tree they fell from, and not a coolie dared collect an armful to make a fire. Such is the bondage in which the people, especially the hill people, live.

Closely allied to the subject of nat-worship is that of charms. The native of Burma has a vast number, and he places implicit faith in them. A tragic example of this occurred a few years ago in Mandalay. A Buddhist priest proclaimed himself to be a prince and relative of Thebaw, the last king of Burma. He also claimed to have the power of making his followers invulnerable by means of charms which he tattooed upon their bodies, so that if necessary they

could become invisible to their enemies; swords could not wound them, and bullets aimed at them would turn to worms. Unfortunately he was able to gain such an ascendancy over a number of men that they consented to assist him in storming the palace, so that he could seat himself upon Thebaw's throne, after which they confidently expected that every white man would flee the country and the old Burman rule be restored.

Fort Dufferin, in which the palace is situated, at that time contained a battalion of English troops, a whole regiment of sepoys, and a mountain-battery (native troops), and yet these foolish Burmans, armed only with swords and spears, rushed the gate of the fort and killed a soldier, a woman, and an onlooker or two. Of course, they were speedily overpowered. Some were shot, some were afterward hanged, and some were sentenced to long terms of imprisonment, but such is the faith of Burmans in such men as this priest that another would have comparatively little trouble to raise followers, and he would be believed in and followed as readily with, unhappily, the same results; unhappily, that is, so far as his dupes are concerned.

One of the strangest of charms is used in Shan country. It is supposed to make the person submitting to it invulnerable in the time of battle; it is supposed to enable him to climb a banana tree without causing it to bend beneath his weight, and confer several other wonderful powers.

The person wishing to possess this charm, together with a nat *saya* (nat doctor), goes into the jungle, where a hole is dug in the ground. The man stands in this hole and the earth is then filled in all around him up to his neck, so that nothing is visible but his head. His friends then cut down a long bamboo, split it lengthways, and by knocking out the joints, make it into a gutter. Four sticks are also chopped down and fastened together in two pairs in the shape of an X. These are used as supports to the split bamboo, at one end of which the *saya* stands, and the other is put into the patient's mouth.

The nat doctor then goes off by himself into the jungle where he prepares some "medicine," the ingredients of which are a profound secret. This medicine is made up into balls, about the size of a boy's marbles, and are rolled, one after another, along the split bamboo into the man's

mouth. He must bolt each one as soon as it passes his lips ; if he chews one bolus the good of the charm is immediately destroyed. After all the medicine has been taken the man is freed from his prison and goes on his way rejoicing, quite confident that it is not possible to wound him by any weapon made by man.

The commonest charm in Upper Burma, perhaps, is the needle charm. A common steel needle is broken in halves; the skin of the arm is pinched up between the thumb and finger, and the pointed end of the needle is thrust beneath the skin. Usually these needles, being small, do no harm ; they become lodged parallel with the muscles or between them, but occasionally they work their way close to a joint and then cause trouble as they then interfere with its action and have to be cut out, which is sometimes quite a difficult thing to do; they are so small it is often difficult to locate them exactly.

Upon the Shan hills one often sees men with small black lumps along the neck, in front of the large muscle just to the side and behind the wind-pipe. These are pieces of silver and range from the size of a pea to a small bean. A slit is made in

the skin, the silver, beaten flat and smooth, is slipped into the cut and worked with the fingers away from the wound which is then allowed to heal up. The silver is, of course, often dirty, and this causes inflammation in which case the wound becomes foul and the silver sloughs out leaving behind it an ugly scar.

Some years ago I found in the schoolroom a square piece of tin, ruled with lines forming smaller squares and crossed by other lines at an angle. There were some strange characters scratched upon it also. I asked one of the boys what it was, and after a good deal of hesitation, for he seemed ashamed to tell, he said that it was a charm made to hang around the neck, and would protect the wearer in a fight by preventing his being shot or cut.

Of course I laughed at it and the boys did too, but I could see that even in spite of years of teaching in a mission school, all of them, even the teacher, had a sneaking sort of faith in it. Then I asked them:

"If you hung this around your neck and a man were to shoot at you, what would happen?"

"Oh, the bullet would swerve, it would not go straight," replied a boy; he was a

new pupil and firmly believed in what he said.

"Come into my study," I said, "and we will put this wonderful bit of tin to the test."

A dozen boys came crowding in; then I went to a corner where an air-gun was leaning against the wall, and loaded it. The boys all knew that the weapon would kill at a score of paces, so holding the gun in my hand, I said:

"Will any boy put this charm around his neck and let me fire at him?"

No; nobody was willing, so I laughingly asked why. If this would protect them, as they declared it would, why should they be afraid to put it to the test? One boy replied that the charm itself was all right, but perhaps they might have been guilty of making some "mistake," which would undo all the good and take away the protection which would otherwise be afforded by the charm.

"Very well," said I, "then we will fasten it up on this post and make believe that it is a robber chief. Now look out."

I hung the bit of tin on the post as I said this, stepped back a few paces and fired. Crack! I had missed, and the slug had

struck the post an inch or two above the charm.

A murmur of excitement ran through the crowd of boys, and I overheard one say, "There, I told you; you see it *is* impossible to hit it."

"Wait a minute there!" I cried. "I aimed a little too high, and yet I missed it by but an inch. If that post had really been a man he would have been killed, without the shadow of a doubt."

The tin was not more than three inches square and I am a very poor shot, but at the next trial the pellet went clean through the very center of the charm and stuck in the post behind.

"Now, what would have happened if that had been a real man instead of a post?" I asked. "I tell you an American gun, even an air-gun, will beat a Burmese charm every time."

I gave the gun to each boy in turn, and each took a shot at the charm, and by the time the last boy's turn came it was as much riddled as the battle-flag of a Grand Army post, and what was more to the point, every boy, even the newest, ridiculed the power of the charm; in their eyes it was then nothing but a square of tin with every

bit of virtue pounded out of it. It was a good object-lesson, worth a score of simple exhortations.

The question might perhaps be raised here, suppose a man submits to having a charm tattooed upon him, or buys a charm made of tin, silver, or gold, and afterwards gets hurt, why that does not destroy the faith of himself and others in similar charms.

The answer is that it takes but a very little "mistake" to destroy the virtue of a charm, and if such a man should complain that he had been cheated, as the charm was ineffectual, the vendor would simply reply, "You have made some 'mistake' and destroyed its virtue; the charm itself is all right, and if you had not made the mistake would have protected you; the fault lies with you yourself."

For instance, should a man walk under a house, a bridge, or any structure at all, over which a woman has previously walked, that act would destroy the virtue of every charm he had about him.

I know a missionary in Burma who had a hospital of two stories in height, and wondered why nobody would enter the lower floor, till after a long while he discovered that the natives were afraid to

enter the bottom room although they were willing enough to go upstairs; they feared for their charms.

Charms are sometimes used in case of sickness and are then tied around the wrist, arm, or leg of the patient; but I have an impression that this custom has been derived from India. A few strands from the tuft of hair which grows at the end of a cow's tail, twisted around the arm of a sick person is without any doubt at all an importation from India, where the cow is worshiped by Hindus. Often one sees a small packet tied around the wrist of a person sick with fever. If one of these packets should be opened it would be found to contain a small piece of paper, upon which lines have been drawn at right angles with each other so as to form squares, sometimes with other lines crossing diagonally; sometimes the lines are drawn so as to form a hexagon, and in each of the compartments is a Pali word written in Burmese characters. In case of an abscess or phlegmon, especially of the hand or foot, these charms are tied to prevent the inflammation ascending the limb.

The fortune-tellers deserve to have a little notice taken of them here, for they do

a great trade in Burma. "When in doubt consult a fortune-teller," is the rule. There are lucky and unlucky days for everything. Fortune-tellers are consulted not only in all great crises, but for small things as well. A man who was born upon a certain day of the week can commence an enterprise upon a special day with a mind at ease, for he knows it will be successful. Should he, however, commence it upon an unlucky day he would assuredly fail.

A strange difference between the customs of East and West comes in right here. At home everybody knows the year and the day of the month upon which he was born, but few know the day of the week. Now it is exactly the opposite in Burma. The Burman knows the day of the week, nay, the very hour when he first saw the light, but could not tell you which month it was, or be exact as to the year. You ask a man how old he is. "Oh, I am about thirty-five or thirty-six, I don't know exactly," he will answer. In Shan country a man's very name depends upon the day of the week on which he was born, certain letters of the alphabet being set apart for each day, and the name must commence with one of those special letters.

There appears to be a certain virtue in raw tea, for it enters into a great many ceremonies. When a person wishes to consult a fortune-teller he takes with him, in addition to the fee demanded for the information wished, a small amount of raw tea. It is necessary to tell the fortune-teller the day of the week, the hour, and if possible the very minute of his client's birth, also the star under which he was born, and which is supposed to influence his life either for good or ill.

The fortune-teller then proceeds to construct a horoscope and calculates profoundly while doing so. There are seven "houses," and after the horoscope has been drawn he repeats several charms and Pali texts, touching each point as he does so much as in the children's game of "Dicory, dicory dock," and the point upon which the finger rests at the close indicates whether the undertaking will be lucky or unlucky. The rules are very complicated and have been received, in large measure, from India.

I have known a man put off digging the post-holes for his house from week to week because the fortune-teller said that every day was unlucky; once even a surgical operation was postponed a whole day,

although the case was a desperate one, because the day was not a lucky one for bringing a man down a river. The patient was a Buddhist priest and lived in a monastery a few miles up the river.

One day I went to see a case in bazaar. The patient was a girl, and it was necessary to operate upon her. It was on a Thursday that I saw her for the first time, and as there was no special hurry about operating, I said to her mother: "Now to-day is Thursday; I cannot operate to-day nor to-morrow, Friday, but if you bring her to the hospital on Saturday morning I will perform the operation."

"Very well," replied the woman, "I will bring her as you say," then turning toward a preacher who had accompanied me, she said: "Thursdays and Fridays are unlucky and Saturdays are lucky days with the teacher, I suppose," and then I had to laboriously explain that it was not a case of lucky or unlucky days, but that I had to teach for several hours a day in school on five days of the week, and therefore when a case was not urgent or promised to be a tedious one, I sometimes postponed it till Saturday when I did not have to teach in school and therefore had more time.

A few days ago the head master told me that four new boys, two Burmans and two Mohammedans, were coming that day to join our school. They did not put in an appearance, however, and when three or four days passed I concluded that they were like so many other boys whose parents say they will send them, but put it off and off from day to day and week to week, till finally the boys get too old. At noon today, however, I saw the four boys enter the compound with their parents, and when I asked the head master why they had not come before, he smiled and said, "This is the first lucky day," so that it is necessary to have a lucky day even to enter a mission school. Let us hope that they will be wiser when they leave it.

In the Chinese joss house in Bhamo is a certain idol which is accredited with the power of being able to advise its votaries which will be a lucky day for caravans to set out on their return to the Flowery Kingdom. Pig-tailed mule-drivers and travelers consult it very often and abide by its decisions. It is customary to give a fee to the priest in charge of the temple in return for the information, and the manner of settling the amount to be paid is a unique

one. Upon the floor near the idol is a large joint of bamboo, like a wooden jar, and within it are a number of thin strips of bamboo marked with Chinese characters. The traveler kneels upon the floor and shakes the jar vigorously, till one of the strips falls out and he then pays the amount marked upon it. But when is not John Chinaman thrifty? Some are marked with a trifling amount, some with quite a fair sum, and it is the former class which shows the most wear and tear, for if the traveler sees that a strip bearing a large sum upon it is about to fall out, he stops his shaking and the strips settle back again; then he recommences the shaking, and by dint of elbow-grease and a little twisting, manages in time to drop out the coveted strip with a small amount marked upon it.

The Religion of the People

VII

THERE are two kinds of Buddhism —the Buddhism of European and American scholars, and the Buddhism of the people of Burma. The former is totally foreign to the Burman, and should any reader wish to study it he can take his pick of a score of learned books on the subject; but the religion therein contained is a very different one from the Buddhism one sees in the everyday life of the people, and it is of this latter kind of which I shall tell a little.

Almost the first question asked at home when speaking of the religion of Burma is, "Do these people really and truly pray to idols made of stone?" and in spite of the books above referred to, in which it is claimed the people do not worship the idols themselves, but worship Buddha *through* them, the answer must be, if honestly answered, "They do."

Any day one may go to Mandalay and watch men carving idols. They are blocks of stone, nothing else, when they enter the

shops, and what is more, they are still blocks of stone when they leave; after having been carved and polished and ready for use, they are idols—*yok* too, and it is not till they have been anointed and proper ceremonies held over them that they become gods—*payah*. It should also be noted that the men who carve these idols do not gain merit by so doing; it is their business; it is the man that buys them and sets them up in a monastery or pagoda that gets the merit, not the carvers.

One of the saddest sights in Burma, but alas! one that can be seen any day of the week, is to see a mother with her child in an idol house. The child is often scared at the great, white, solemn idol and screams with fright, trying to run away into the bright sunshine outside, but the mother makes it kneel before the god, and teaches it how to place its hands together and "shikko," while it repeats after her the formula which a Burman goes through while worshiping before idols. Then the mother sticks an incense stick or a lighted candle before the image, or offers some other small offering and then with her child goes away, satisfied with having gained "merit" for herself and her little one.

Children, and grown-up people too, fear these idols. It is absurd to say they regard them as "figures" only.

The sister of one of our schoolboys had had several children, but each one had been born dead, and for three months before the last one was born she spent a good part of her time going from pagoda to pagoda and from idol to idol, praying that her baby might live. She ran her husband into debt with the offerings she made to the priests and the idols.

One of the teachers in the school told me that a few days ago he noticed a schoolboy in a monastery compound; the boy was looking around as though trying to see whether he was being watched, and thinking himself safe, he picked up a stone and threw it at one of the idols, saying as he did so, "Eh, you are nothing but a big lump of stone after all!" He was much disconcerted when, upon turning around, he found the teacher smiling at him, for as the former said, it looked very comical to see the boy throwing stones at an idol as though he was more than half-afraid in spite of his words. The boy put a bold face on the matter, however, and stoutly maintained "that he was not frightened at

all." Mission schools, if they do nothing else, teach boys that stones are stones, whether they have been worshiped or not.

I recall a case which closely approaches the grotesque. The Shan preacher once came into the dining-room while we were at breakfast, saying that a man from a jungle village a few miles up the river was waiting upon the veranda. He had come to ask me to go and see a "hurry case" in his home. I told the preacher that I would go, and he returned to the man with the message, but to his great surprise he found the villager upon his knees, with his hands clasped reverently before his face praying away as hard as he could.

"What are you doing?" asked the preacher.

"I am praying to the teacher's god," replied the man.

The preacher thought that perhaps I had an image of Gautama somewhere as a curio, and so looked around the shelves, but seeing none, he replied, "There are no idols here."

"Why, yes there is; there is one right on the table with a silk umbrella over it," replied the man, pointing with his finger to a small round table in the middle of the room.

"Do you know what that thing is?" asked the preacher.

"A foreign god," replied the man promptly.

"God, eh?" grinned the preacher, "that's no god; the teacher does not worship idols; that's a lamp!"

"A lamp!" repeated the man incredulously. "Whoever heard of a lamp with an umbrella of red silk over it? There is an image there, anyway."

"It is a lamp for all that," persisted the preacher. "See, here is where you put the match in lighting it."

"So there is!" replied the man in great astonishment; "well, it is the most wonderful lamp I ever saw; in truth, I thought it was the teacher's idol which he worshiped."

So far as I know, that lamp is the only one extant which has been worshiped as a god. It was of bronze, and the body was the figure of a boy holding up the lamp itself, which was covered with a large shade of red silk.

The man was very disappointed to find he had not gained much after all by praying to "a foreign god."

One thing must always be kept in mind,

and that is that the Buddhist worships *a dead god*. Gautama Buddha, the last incarnation, was a king, but gave up his crown and his palace, gave up even his wife and children to make his home in the jungle where he "became enlightened" as his worshipers put it, but one day he ate too many mangoes; this brought on an attack of cholera morbus and he died—went to Nigban, was annihilated, or to use a Burmese figure, "If you were to put a match to a piece of paper it would burn up, wouldn't it? The smoke vanishes utterly; well, that is Nigban." Therefore the Burman does not worship a God—a great, loving, tender Father as we do—neither does he worship the stern Law Giver of the Jews; he worships the goodness of a man who died two thousand years ago.

Buddhism is utterly pessimistic. It condemns but does not aid; it punishes but does not offer any practical way of escape. The Shans have a proverb: "As surely as the wheels of the cart follow the oxen drawing it, so surely will punishment follow crime. If you sin you will be punished," and there it stops. It is as cold and unsympathetic as the stone idols which represent it; beautiful undoubtedly, but dead.

Of course there is merit which a man can earn as an offset to the consequences of his guilt; but merit is always the unknown quantity in the equation, and it is always insufficient too.

Buddhism is practically a debit and credit account between heaven and a man's soul, with an overwhelming balance upon the wrong side. Men's sins count against them; the merit they are able to gain counts for them. To gain this merit men build pagodas and monasteries; they make feasts; they do pious acts; they buy idols and pray before them and make offerings to them and the priests. Every cold season the traveler in the jungle sees thousands of Shans wending their way from the hills towards the plains. Ask them where they are going and they will tell you to Mandalay, and if their money holds out, to Rangoon afterward. Why? To worship and gain merit. They go. You see them a few weeks afterward going back home and ask them, "Did you see the gods?" "Oh, yes, we saw them." "Did you gain a great deal of merit?" "Yes." "Enough to take you to Nigban when you die?" They will smile and yet shake their heads sadly at the same time. Not

enough. In more than a dozen years I have never seen one single person who would acknowledge that he had gained enough merit to counterbalance his sins and shortcomings and take him to Nigban, the goal of his ambitions, the land of annihilation.

When a priest dies the correct thing to say is, "His lordship has gone to Nigban," but everybody knows the saying is nothing more than a polite fiction, and that not even a priest can gain enough merit to take him there.

You see the Burman believes in the doctrine of transmigration, and thinks that when he dies his spirit is immediately reborn, as an animal, another man, or a nat, according to the amount of merit he has acquired, but unfortunately when one life has ended the effects of the bad deeds committed during it do not end, but he carries the balance of demerit with him, and enters upon his new life just that much to the bad, and this goes on accumulating and accumulating—no wonder he feels he will never reach Nigban. A good re-birth, *i. e.*, being born a good animal, is the most he can expect, and not always even that.

I often smile when I remember what an

old Shan once said to me. He came to the dispensary rather late one morning, and as it happened to be a busy day, he had to wait till at least fifty other patients who had arrived before him had been attended to. He saw each in turn come into my room and receive medicine or have a wound dressed. It happened also that it was necessary to perform three or four minor operations that morning, so that he was considerably impressed. He came from a jungle village and everything was new to him, so that when his turn came he showed plainly that he was pondering deeply upon something pretty weighty. He told me his trouble and I gave him some medicine, then as he took the bottle he looked up in my face with a serious air, and said:

"Teacher, you have done many meritorious acts this morning, do you do thus every day?" I nodded. "Attend to as many people?" he asked. "Sometimes more, sometimes less," I said. Then he rose to go, but before he left the room he turned back and said, "Teacher, you are gaining a wonderful amount of merit by giving away all this medicine. You will surely get a good re-birth when you die. Why," he concluded, more earnestly than

ever, "I would not be surprised if you were re-born an elephant!"

When a Burman dies his friends mourn as "one without hope," for they feel they will never, never see him again. There is no hope of meeting, even in a distant time, as with the Christian. I remember once at Möngnai standing by the side of a man who had been gored to death by an elephant. His mother was kneeling at his side upon the ground, screaming, tearing her hair, and beating her breast, crying that her son, her only son, had gone from her forever and that she would never see him again.

I looked at the people gathered around, and then I said:

"You believe that this man had a soul, don't you?"

They chorused assent, so I continued, "Where is it now?"

"Where is it now? Where is it now?" they echoed, looking at me in great surprise. Then one of their number, an old man, said, "Teacher, that is a strange question to ask; one good to marvel at. How can we tell where his soul is? He was a pretty good boy; he obeyed his mother; he did not steal nor smoke opium, and so

we hope he has gotten a good re-birth, but we cannot tell into what animal his soul has entered. Who can?"

No, they could not. At that very moment his soul might have commenced a new stage of existence in the body of a peacock, an elephant, or a horse—a good re-birth—but upon the other hand he was much more likely to have fared worse, and might be a toad, a snake, or even an earthworm. As they said, "Who can tell?" Mystery, all was mystery and darkness as deep as death itself.

About ten years ago a woman living in a village in Upper Burma lost her son from cholera. A few days later while passing through another village a few miles distant from her own, she saw a calf, upon the face of which was a mark closely resembling a birthmark upon the face of her dead son. She found out that this calf was born upon the same day that her son had died, so she immediately seized it and took it to her own house, declaring that it was her son.

The owner of the animal, a native of India, of course objected to this line of conduct and went to the headman of the village, asking him to order the woman to bring back his calf. The headman called

the woman, but when he heard her story he declared that there was no doubt that her son had been re-born in the body of this calf, and that she was doing a meritorious act in caring for it; in this opinion he was backed up by every elder in the village, and the woman went on her way rejoicing.

But alas, her joy was but short-lived, for the native of India went to the city and entered suit in a court where the magistrate was a white man, and of course when the case came up for trial the owner of the calf won and the Burman woman was ordered to return it immediately. But this she flatly refused to do, and when the police went to her house to bring away the calf by force, every villager rose to help her and the police were driven away, a regular riot taking place, so that it was necessary to call sepoys, armed with rifles and bayonets, to restore order.

Buddhism can be summed up in the homely parable of the man who tried to lift himself from the ground by pulling upon his own boot-straps. And yet, in some ways, it appeals to a man's self-pride. If he progresses at all it is by his own unaided efforts. He can say with

the king of old, "Is this not the great Babylon which *I* have built?"

Then there is so much parade and show. The Burman does not believe in "not letting his left hand know which his right hand doeth"; upon the contrary he lets the whole neighborhood know it, and gains their applause. "He has his reward," surely. I know of no more self-satisfied-looking man than a Burman who is about to make a large offering, dedicate a monastery or pagoda, or build an idol house. There is always a long procession, practically everybody in the quarter taking part. Drums, gongs, flutes, and bamboo clappers are much in evidence, and in the center of it all, walking along in dignified silence amidst the noisy procession, with a white linen turban tightly twisted around his head, stalks the "benefactor." Any one that has seen such a procession appreciates more strongly than ever Christ's order, "And when thou givest thine alms sound not a trumpet before thee as the hypocrites do"—the Buddhist not only sounds a trumpet, he calls a whole band to advertise his good deed.

Every boy in Burma becomes a priest. A great feast is made, friends conduct the

boy beneath a golden umbrella to a monastery, his head is shaved, and other ceremonies are gone through, but it is often nothing more than mere form. Custom demands that a boy become a priest; it does not demand, of course, that he remain one, and so once in a while one of our schoolboys will ask leave of absence from school, and when you ask why, he will reply, "I am going to be made into a priest." The permission being given, at the end of a week he returns to school with a shaved head, his father is deeply in debt, but otherwise there is no difference in the boy or his family. He wore his hair a certain way before he was "made into a priest"; he will wear it differently when it grows again, that is all.

For a boy not to become a priest, at least for a day or two, is a greater disgrace than being sent to prison. We had a boy in our school who became a Christian, but of course he was a minor, and so I told him that he must get the consent of his parents before he was baptized. But here came a hitch. He had never been a priest, and his parents said he must be made one before they would allow him to be baptized. This the boy refused to do, and so a deadlock

followed which lasted for some months. Finally, chiefly through the influence of his grandmother, the consent of his parents was gained and he was baptized; but the family "felt the disgrace keenly."

Burma, like every other country, has her roll of Christian martyrs, although it is not so long as some others. When the Portuguese empire in India was at its height, Roman Catholic priests were sent to Pegu. A small church was built, but the Burman king, suspecting treachery on the part of the priests, raided it and burned it to the ground, everybody within being killed.

A few years before the war which resulted in the annexation of Upper Burma, one of our Christian natives was killed in Mandalay. Who has not heard of Judson who came so near giving his life in the prison outside Ava? It is true that he escaped with his life, but he was to all intents and purposes a martyr. There are a few people still living who remember seeing him, the "apostle to the Burmans," and I have noticed that when they, or any other natives for that matter, talk of Judson, they say, "Why years afterwards you could see the scars left by the sores which

the chains wore into his legs!" Ah, those scars preached eloquent sermons. It is the sufferings he endured, and the losses—his wife laying down her life and he almost doing so—that appeal to the people of Burma, even down to to-day. Surely "the blood of the martyrs is the seed of the church"; it always has been and always will be.

Fortunately, under British rule all persecution worthy of the name, has been done away with, but a man has still to endure a great deal if he steps out from the religion of his fathers and embraces Christianity. We cannot understand just how great the wrench must be, either, to break away from life-long customs and beliefs. It is because of the fact that it is so much easier for a young person to do this that schools have proved so great a success, and yet even young people must face a storm, oftentimes a terrible one, when they decide to be baptized.

I remember a young man who had been a pupil in one of our mission schools in Upper Burma. He said he was a Christian but feared to face the opposition from his friends, especially his mother, who was very devout and went each night to wor-

ship the idols and the priests. He came from his native place to Bhamo, and of course I became interested in him. I talked with him seriously time and again, but although he acknowledged that I was right, and that he ought to come out boldly and be baptized, he could not screw up sufficient courage to go contrary to the wishes of his mother.

At last, one night, just as I was getting ready to go to bed, I heard a commotion on the veranda, and upon going out I saw this young man and one of our teachers. I thought somebody was sick and that they had come for medicine, and so asked what the matter was, but judge of my surprise when he replied, "There is nothing the matter, I have come to be baptized!"

"'Come to be baptized!'" I repeated. "What do you mean by coming in this way late at night and saying you wish to be baptized; you have not been accepted by the church even."

Then he explained that his mother had gone away to a village a few miles down the river to see a sick friend, and he wanted to go out into the jungle somewhere where nobody would see him, and be baptized before she returned.

"And when she comes back, what then?" I asked.

"Oh, I intend keeping it a secret; I will say nothing about it to her, that is why I want it done in the jungle and at night."

"We do not want any such members in our church," I said. "If you are afraid to be baptized publicly you will be afraid to act as a Christian should afterwards. Of course I would like you to be baptized, and also to join the church, but you cannot join it in that way." Then he went away, and although I see him often, he has never come to service since, neither does he appear to wish to become a Christian.

There was a boy in our school who was, I think, a Christian. He said several times that he wished to be baptized, and once even promised to appear before the church to give in his experience. The evening came and the church assembled, but the boy did not come. We waited, but still he did not come; the church remained in session till nearly ten o'clock, then very reluctantly we gave him up and adjourned.

Next morning he told us that he got ready to come to the service, but his sister went into a hysterical fit, tore her hair and her clothes, rolled upon the floor, and

screamed at the top of her voice till the boy weakened and promised not to come. Then she immediately got well.

However, he said after a few months he would try again, but the same thing happened. The church waited but waited in vain ; his sister screamed and tore her hair as before, and as before the boy weakened; he could not face the storm, and so he too passed into the great army of educated young men who do not believe in Buddhism ; who never worship the priests ; who call the idols blocks of stone or lumps of wood, and will even throw stones at them to show how little they care for or fear them ; and yet they are negative—they do not believe in the religion of their fathers, but they will not come out as Christians, and so they go through life, neither one thing nor the other.

There are some strange contradictions in the religion of the Burman and the Shan, at least they appear contradictions to a Westerner, although the Burman himself does not regard them as such.

I knew a man in one of the cities of the Southern Shan States ; he is dead now ; he had several large dogs, fierce and savage as wolves. Everybody in the city dreaded

these brutes, for they had badly bitten several people. I never passed the gate of the compound without carrying a riding crop with a long, heavy lash, and even with that it was sometimes difficult to keep the dogs off.

One day a man came running into our compound, and said that one of these dogs had gone mad, and the wife of their owner had barricaded herself in the house frightened half to death, and begged me to come and shoot the dog; her husband was away, she said. I snatched up my gun and ran out, but although the compound was but a stone's throw from ours, before I got there a man came running to meet me and brought word that his master had just returned, and asked me please not to come. Why? Because he feared to have the dog shot on his compound. Again why? Because he feared some part of the guilt incurred in killing the dog might cling to him, and so he would rather take the chances of a mad dog biting a score of people than have it shot in his compound.

And yet the strangest part of the whole thing lay in the fact that this man, possessed of such a tender conscience that he would not allow even a mad dog to be killed, had

been—so the people in the city said—the head of a band of robbers, and if he had not shot men from ambush himself, he had supplied the guns, the powder, and the shot, and the deed had been done at his order.

A man will not drown half a litter of puppies when they are an hour old—that would be a sin—but he will allow them to starve to death.

Fish is one of the staple foods of Burma, and thousands of people earn the larger part of their living by catching fish. Should you ask a fisherman how he, a Buddhist, can spend his time in killing fish, he will smile, shake his head and reply, "I do not kill fish; they come into my net and I merely pull them out of the water and throw them upon the bank; they die themselves; I do not kill them!"

"Things are not always what they seem" in Burma, as in other countries. I have heard globe-trotters go into ecstasies over the pagodas and shrines. They see at Rangoon the mighty Shwe Da Gon Pagoda, covered with gold from base to top; they see the Thousand and One Pagodas at Mandalay, and they exclaim, "How pious, how good! They put the average Christian

to the blush," etc., etc. But wait; one must get to the *reason* why all these pagodas and shrines and idols were built before one can be in a position to judge of things properly. Well, why were these pagodas built? To uplift the people? Not a bit of it. They were built *to gain merit*. Why does a man become a monk? To gain merit. Why does he take pilgrimages, make offerings, worship idols, shrines, and priests? Why do these solicit alms and swell the ranks of the mendicants who are so abundant? To gain merit—not to help anybody else. Thus we see the entire system is founded upon selfishness. Doing good simply and solely for the sake of doing good is entirely foreign to Buddhism, that is Buddhism as one sees it in the everyday life of the people. It is selfishness, selfishness, selfishness—and if the corner-stone of a religion be built upon self what must the outcome be?

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Glossary

Abbreviations: A. I. Anglo-Indian; B. Burmese. H. Hindustani; S. Shan.

Anna. (H.) An Indian coin worth about two cents.
Baboo. (H.) A clerk.
Bazaar. (H.) A market.
Bheestie. (H.) A water-carrier.
Boy. (A. I.) A body servant.
Bungalow. (H.) A house.
Chattie. (H.) A cooking-pot.
Compound. (A. I.) The enclosure in which a house stands.
Coolie. (H.) A laborer.
Dah. (B.) (S. *lap*) A sword with a long handle but no guard.
Dhobie. (H.) A laundryman.
Durbar. (H.) A gathering called to meet a high official.
Durwan. (H.) A janitor.
Eurasian. A person of mixed parentage—Europe-Asia.
Gautama. The last incarnation of Buddha; the god worshiped by Buddhists.
Gharry. (H.) A carriage or cart.
Godown. (A. I.) A place used for storing goods.
Hau. (S.) The palace of a prince.
Heng. (S.) The headman of a village.
Hpea. (S.) See *nat.*
Jungle. (H.) A forest; the country.

Kachins. (B.) A tribe of fierce mountain people living in Upper Burma.

Kallah. (B.) A foreigner.

Karens. (B.) A mountain tribe of Lower Burma; thousands of these people have embraced Christianity.

Lap. (S.) See *dah.*

Mueẓẓin. The man who climbs the minaret and calls Mohammedans to their prayers.

Nat. (B.) (S. *hpea.*) "A kind of god, a being superior to man and inferior to Brahmas, some of whom inhabit the inferior celestial regions and others have dominion over different parts of the earth."—*Doctor Judson's Burmese-English Dictionary.*

Nga pi. (B.) Putrid fish.

Nigban. The Burmese heaven.

Nullah. (H.) A dry watercourse or small valley.

Paddy. (A. I.) Unhusked rice.

Parah. (S.) } "God" or "lord," the word gen-
Payah. (B.) } erally used for an idol; sometimes used when speaking of a pagoda.

Pice. A small coin, one-fourth of an *anna.*

Punkah. (H.) A large, swinging fan.

Pwae. (B.) A feast; a theatrical performance.

Sahib. (H.) "Sir," a title of respect.

San byah. (B.) A round tray used in winnowing rice.

Saubwa. (B.) }
Sau pa. (S.) } A native prince.

Saya. (B.) }
Sarah. (S.) } "Teacher," a title of respect.

Sepoy. (H.) A soldier (native).

Shans. (B.) A tribe of people, second in importance to the Burmans, living in the valleys of Upper Burma; they call themselves "Tai."

Syce. (H.) A groom.

"*Rogue*" *elephant.* An elephant which has been driven out of the herd because of its bad temper; sometimes a partially tamed elephant which has escaped from its owners; always a dangerous animal.

Rupee. (H.) The standard coin of the Indian empire, worth about thirty-three cents.

Tounthus. A hill tribe living near Möngnai in the Southern Shan States.

Zayat. (B.) A resting-place usually built in a monastery compound; a person gains merit by building a *zayat.* The Shan word is *zarap.*

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